THE BYSTANDER
VOL. LXVII.—No. 871

AUGUST 11, 1920

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

"NEW NONSENSE NOVELS" By Stephen Leacock—No. III

ALMAGAM

The Motoring Expert of the "Financier" says:

"I like Almagam . . . . I have had more miles out of retreads than I had out of the original covers."

Send Tyres for Retreading to Almagam Mills, Harpenden

3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old covers

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, LTD.
Head Office: 172, Great Portland Street, W.1
THOMAS WARWICK (Managing Director)

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Shoolbred's

Furniture Showrooms and Galleries

Fast coloured
CASEMENT CLOTH
in all the Newest Shades

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W. 1.

BURROW'S MALVERN WATERS

BRITISH and THE BEST of TABLE WATERS. Bottled only at the famous St. Ann's Spring, Malvern.

ASK FOR
BURROW'S Famous MALVERN (STILL) WATER. The purest of Natural Spring Waters. Their softness and purity are a revelation to those who have been used to drinking ordinary hard water.

As Supplied to the ROYAL PALACES

ASK FOR
"Malvernia" (Regd) "MOLLY"
An Alkaline Sparkling TABLE WATER, invaluable in cases of Gout and Kidney Complaints.
Ideal for mixing with Wines and Spirits.

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DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

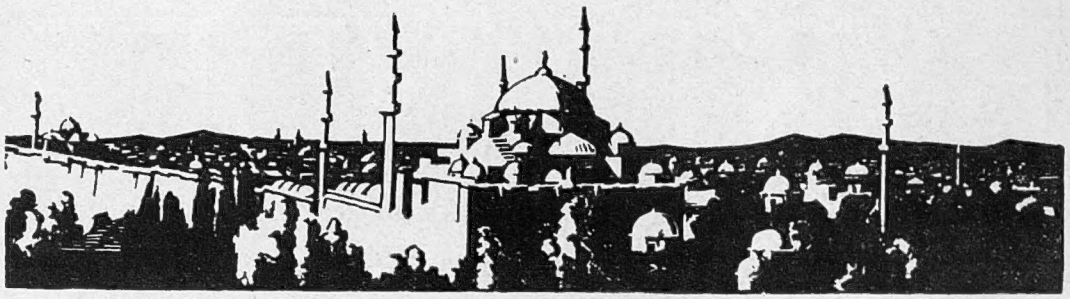
For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name 'DINNEFORD'S' on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates and also during Fever.



MATINEÉ quality during the war was maintained *absolutely*, but stocks had dwindled almost to zero before the purchase of the Macedonian crop was possible in the January of 1919. MATINÉE progress was therefore checked by this pound-wise policy of refusing to lower the standard. We now offer again to connoisseurs unlimited supplies of

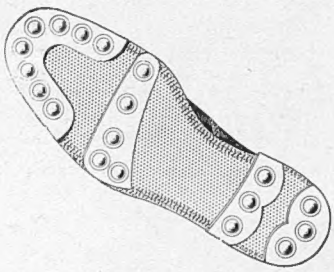
MATINÉE Turkish

Cigarettes, blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf

by ALLAN RAMSAY

141 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

McAfee's
Golf Studs



These Studs can be fitted on any boots or shoes.

They give a perfect grip.
Ideal comfort in walking.

Light in weight and waterproof.

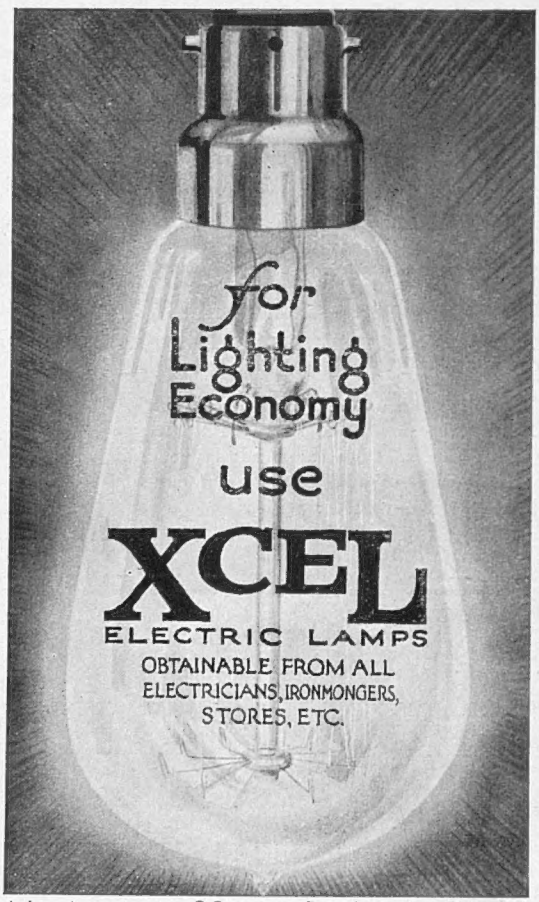
Stocked in 3 Sizes, for both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Complete Set, Price ***9/6***

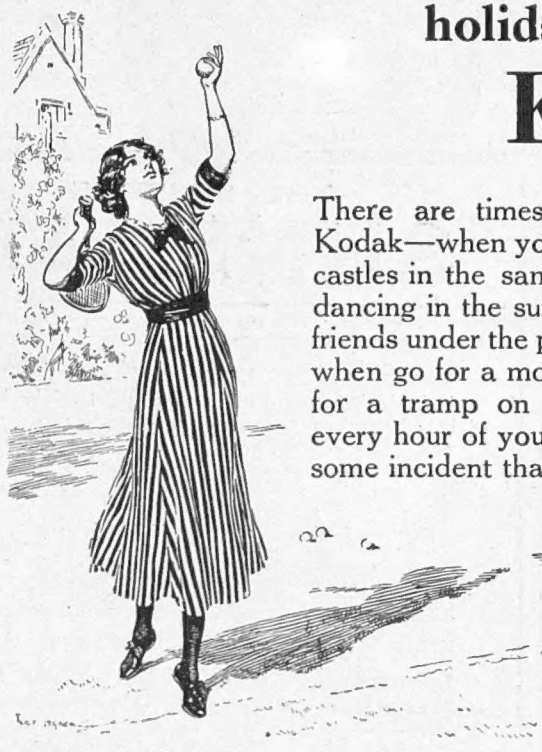
Recommended and Sold by

Duncan, Ray, Mitchell, Vardon,
Braid, Herd, White, & others.

Manufactured by
McAfee's, 38, Dover Street, London, W.1.



Advertisement of Siemens Brothers & Co. Ltd., Manufacturers, 38-39, Upper Thames St, London, E.C.4



Dont start your holidays without a Kodak

There are times when you simply long for a Kodak—when you see the happy children building castles in the sand, and watch the merry bathers dancing in the surf; when you sit down with your friends under the pine tree for a pleasant picnic tea; when go for a motor trip in the open country, or for a tramp on the moors or Downs—in fact, every hour of your holiday provides some scene or some incident that calls for a Kodak. Remember, you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you the latest models.

Kodak Ltd.,
Kingsway, London, W.C.

REMARKABLE
ATTACHÉ CASE VALUE

QUITE A NEW PATTERN

Real Cowhide.

Saddler Sewn.

Size 14 x 9 x 3¾

Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside green, Real Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather bound book. Leather Cornered Writing Board, Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure Papers. Really a charming Case. *Will wear for years.*

29/6 POST FREE in the United Kingdom.

BARKERS

JOHN BARKER AND COMPY. LTD.
Kensington High Street, London, W.8

An-on

Sports Combinations

(Shirt and Drawers in one)

Made in two styles—with Collar Bands and Double Cuffs — or with Single Cuffs, Pocket and Polo Collar attached.

The most comfortable form of combined Shirt and Underdrawers that an athletic man can buy – so built as to allow free bodily movement without difficulty or irritation.

THE AN-ON SPORTS COMBINATION

makes a man feel as though he had forgotten his underwear. There is nothing to force it on his remembrance unless it is its superlative comfort and luxury. There is no shirt to crawl up, and no pants to slip down—not a suggestion of bulkiness anywhere.

List of Agents, Patterns, and Price List will be sent on application to—

An-on is made of fabrics that keep the skin of uniform temperature. They are garments that satisfy. Loose Fit, Careful Tailoring, Last-long qualities make the An-on Combinations reflect the spirit of the true sportsman.

AN-ON, 2, PLAYHOUSE YARD, E.C. 1.

LADY DORIA WESTHAVEN was amazingly beautiful, ambitious, flirtatious—one of the world's most fascinating women. She killed her husband's brother in defence of her honour in the wilds of Nevada. Her husband, obliged to consider his wife's good name and his child's future, was faced with a terrible problem, and the only way out was to accuse himself of murder. This he did and was sentenced to penal servitude for life *for the murder of a man supposed to be himself.*

Now, in the United States there is a curious law. The Governor of a State has the power to pardon criminals, or commute a sentence. Lord Westhaven obtains a free pardon—the reasons for which become plain during the progress of the story—after serving ten years' imprisonment.

Thus a man supposed to have lain ten years in his grave returns to England, utterly changed in appearance. His wife—more beautiful and fascinating at thirty-four than she was ten years ago—is engaged in a dangerous flirtation with a man named Philip Bower.

It is June. The London season is in full swing, and these two people who are so intimately connected with each other—the woman almost oblivious to the past; the man unable to forget it—are going to meet under dramatic circumstances.

Such is the exciting situation when

The Woman Who Loved Life,

BY

ELIZABETH YORK MILLER,

the famous writer of many well-known works of fiction, who has the power of introducing into her narratives situations of dramatic human interest,

OPENS IN THE

DAILY GRAPHIC

ON

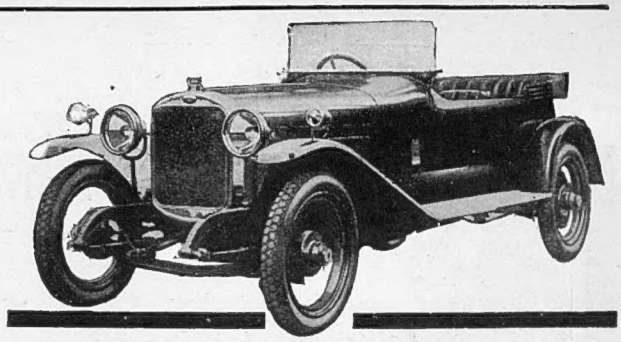
MONDAY NEXT, AUGUST 16th.

If you want to read the opening chapters of this dramatic serial

ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE

DAILY GRAPHIC

IN ADVANCE TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.



THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

Points for the Attention of Sunbeam Car Users—3.

Correct Oil Level in Crank-Case.

It should be noted that the correct oil level should never be exceeded, as this inevitably causes a smoky exhaust and carbon deposit on the pistons. When the oil commences to flow from the overflow tap in the crank-case, it is an indication that the correct level has been reached.

Another Sunbeam Triumph :—At the Essex Motor Club speed trials Capt. Geach, driving the 6-cylinder Sunbeam which was so successful at Brooklands, made the fastest time over the course. The remarkable efficiency of the Sunbeam engine has now been proved beyond reach of all scepticism.

The SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co. Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON

Manchester Showrooms - 106 Deansgate.

Southern Service & Repair Depot: Edgware Road, Cricklewood, N.W. 2,
'Phone: Willesden, 3070 Wires: "Sunoserv, Crickle, London."
London & District Agents: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.1

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

MEX

The brand you need for miles and speed.

ANGLO-MEXICAN Petroleum Company, Ltd.,

Kerosene and Spirit Dept.,

16, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C. 2

Humber

CYCLES

The "Beeston" Humber (as supplied to H.M. the King) is a really fine investment for those requiring a cycle of special distinction that will give, throughout its average 20 years of life, complete satisfaction. Immediate delivery.

Three-speed gear, oil bath gear case, Dunlop tyres, Brooks saddle, magnificent finish, Lady's and Gent's models. Price **£24** net cash.

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY.

London: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. *Southampton:* 25 & 27, London Road.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

WINNING ON THEIR MERIT!

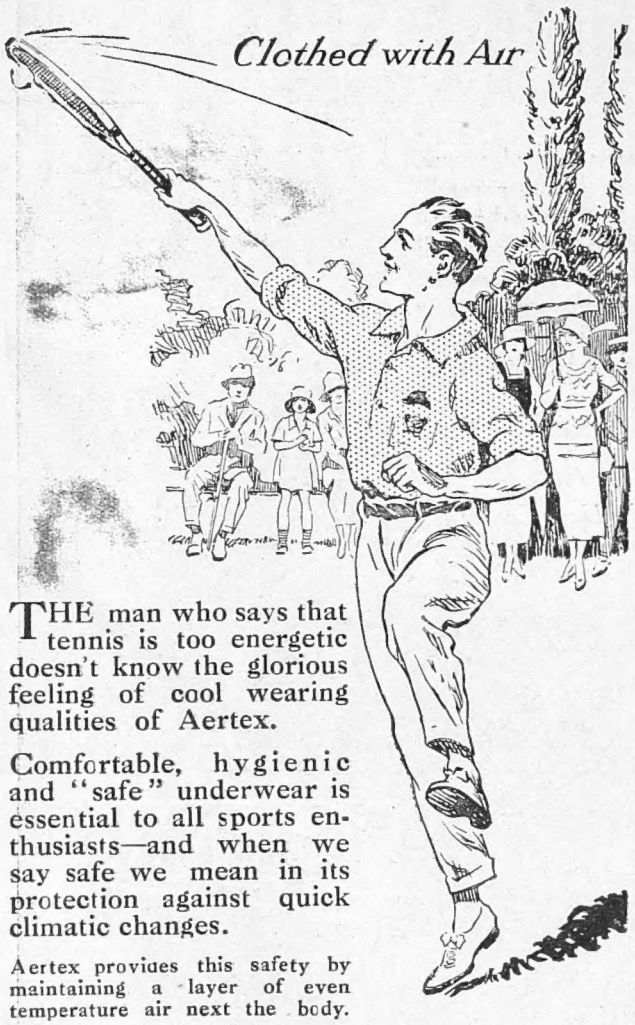
Lack of road grip means loss of power, and loss of power means higher expenditure per mile. The scientifically designed tread and the super quality of the materials used in the construction of the Clincher Cross afford the maximum grip on any road surface. Clincher is the winning tyre because of its inherent merit.

When next tyre buying ask for North British "Clincher."

The North British Rubber Co., Ltd., Edinburgh, London and Branches.

AERTEX
Cellular Clothing

Clothed with Air



THE man who says that tennis is too energetic doesn't know the glorious feeling of cool wearing qualities of Aertex.

Comfortable, hygienic and "safe" underwear is essential to all sports enthusiasts—and when we say safe we mean in its protection against quick climatic changes.

Aertex provides this safety by maintaining a layer of even temperature air next the body.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

of full range of Aertex Cellular Goods for men, women and children, with list of 1,500 Depots where these goods may be obtained, sent post free on application to The Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd., Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

A Selection from List where Aertex Cellular Goods may be obtained:—

London:
R. Scott, Ltd., 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.2;
Oliver Bros., Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.1.

Birmingham: Hyam & Co., New Street.
Cambridge: Joshua Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Carlisle: Robinson Bros., English Street.
Douglas: A. H. Fayle, Victoria Street.
Landport: Chalcraft & Son, Russell Street.
Manchester: Austin Reed, St. Ann's Sq.
Oxford: W. E. Fayers, 12, Queen Street.
South Bank: W. Cooper, Nelson Street.
South Shields: Willen & Hails, King St.
Sunderland: H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd., Fawcett Street.
Walsall: Ennals & Co., Ltd.

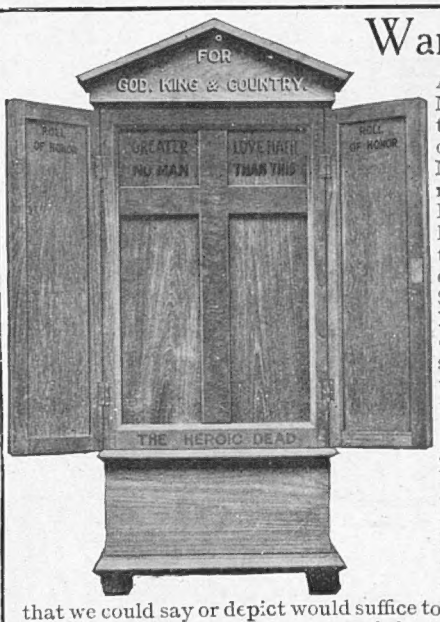
THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON
This Label on all Garments

Excelsior Shoes for Ladies

Daintiness with Quality & Style to suit the most discriminating

Stocked by all the Leading Stores

War Shrines



A FITTING MEMORIAL to the Patriotism of Britain's Sons. Magnificently modelled by the Hughes-Bolckow craftsmen, they are typical of the Mighty Structures of Britain's Glorious Old Battleships, from the timbers of which they are made.

We confidently commend these War Shrines to those desirous of presenting memorials to their town, district or village. Nothing that we could say or depict would suffice to portray the dignified and sympathetic character of the design—the work of the eminent firm of Ecclesiastical Architects—Messrs. Bodley & Hare of 11, Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C.

If a preliminary visit to our London Showrooms is not possible, please write for our booklet A8, mentioning "The Bystander."

HUGHES·BOLCKOW & CO LTD
10 DOVER STREET W.1

Dover St. 'Phone: "Regent 2297."

Shipbreaking Yards at Blyth, Northumberland

The Fashion in FURS

From time immemorable Sable has been esteemed the most valuable and beautiful of all Furs. Its exquisite softness—its depth of colour—its responsive clinging nature make it at once the most becoming and essentially feminine feature in all My Lady's *Toilette*.

A wonderful selection of splendid skins may now be seen at the International Fur Store—Manufacturing Furriers — 163 and 165, Regent Street, W.1, who hold what is probably the most valuable stock in London of choice Furs.

FURS SENT ON APPROVAL.

The Garment illustrated is composed of carefully selected Kolinski Skins of very fine quality—dyed sable colour—with a rich gold-brocaded lining that is worthy of the lovely exterior.

THE International Fur Store

LINEN from Ireland

In times of linen shortage and high prices it will pay you, before ordering, to write to headquarters—where linen is made.

A post card asking for list number 44 T, will enable you to make a selection, and our 50 years reputation will guarantee you fair dealing.

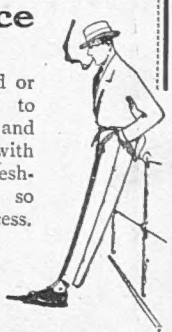
Write to-day for List to:

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.,
LINEN Manufacturers, BELFAST.

A Smart Appearance At Small Cost

is secured by sending your soiled, creased or stained suit, overcoat or weatherproof to Castlebank for Cleaning, Tailor Pressing, and Repairing. No need to incur expense with the tailor when the hang and set and freshness of your older garments can be so cleverly replaced by the Franco-Barbe Process.

Ask for Fleur-de-Lys No. 6 (mentioning Depart. B.W.), an interesting little magazine story price list giving details of this exclusive process and our service for men. Post your parcel to Department B.W., Castlebank Dyeworks. In a day or two you get a pro-forma invoice with any necessary advice.



Castlebank Dyeworks
ANNIESLAND GLASGOW

MORNY

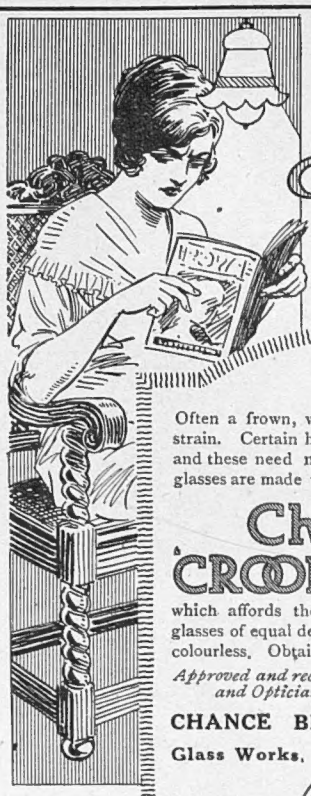
PARFUMS DE LUXE

"Chaminade" 10/6, 18/6 & 35/-
"Mystérieuse" 18/6 & 35/-
"Sérénade" 10/9 & 21/-

or direct from MORNY FRÈRES LTD 201, REGENT ST., LONDON, W

Of all Dealers in High Class Perfumery.

Import duties on Christmas orders to foreign addresses may be prepaid if desired.



A PERFECTLY UNNECESSARY Frown

Often a frown, when reading, is caused by eye strain. Certain harmful light rays are the cause, and these need never even reach the eyes if your glasses are made with

Chance's CROOKES Glass

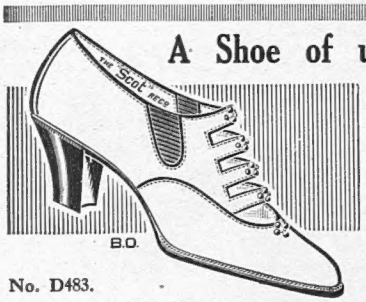
which affords the relief of smoked or tinted glasses of equal density yet in itself is practically colourless. Obtainable from any retail optician.

Approved and recommended by leading Oculists and Opticians throughout the world.

CHANCE BROS. & CO., LTD.,
Glass Works, Smethwick, Birmingham.

The late Sir Wm. Crookes, O.M., P.R.S., to whose researches was chiefly due the evolution of Chance's Crookes Glass.

1483A



No. D483.

A Shoe of uncommon design for Ladies' .... Summer Wear

This smart shoe, as illustrated, is made of finest quality Glacé Kid, with four instep straps; elastic gussets at either side; and Cuban heel. Neat fitting and stylish—comfortable and thoroughly satisfactory in service.

Write for New Catalogue No. 6 of Scot Footwear.

45/- POST FREE.

Remittance must accompany order. Single specimens will be sent on approbation and remittance must accompany return after selection has been made.

THE SCOT SHOE HOUSE, 21, Murraygate, DUNDEE, N.B.

Di3. NorAd.

COLDS

are always worse at night

—breathing is difficult, the patient snores, the throat becomes dry and parched. These distressing symptoms can be relieved and prevented by

DR. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE

used before going to bed and at times of waking.

Quick cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Nervous Headache, Faintness and Giddiness.

Of all Chemists and Stores 2/-, or post free in United Kingdom 2/3 (stamps), from Mackenzie's Laboratories, Ltd., READING. **Refuse worthless imitations.**

P.F. P.F.

PEEK FREAN'S BISCUITS

with the same GOODNESS in them as

PAT-A-CAKE. Regd.

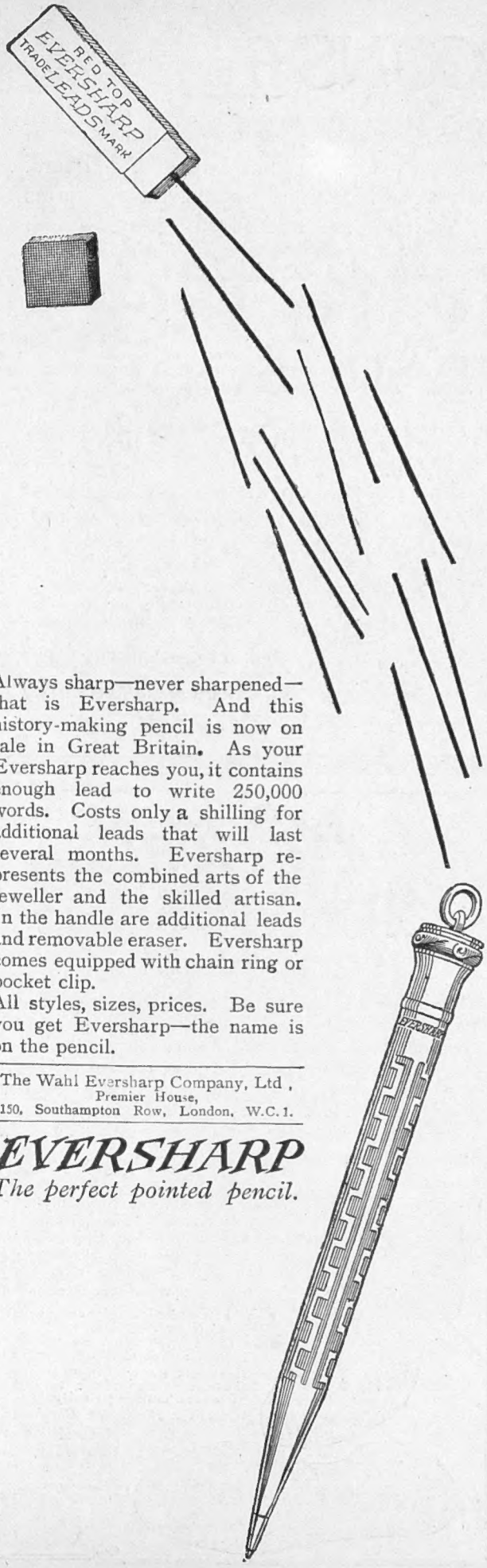
P.F. SHORTCAKE The old favourite. Still unrivalled.

PUNCH & JUDY Regd. The very latest biscuit for the kiddies.

CUSTARD CREAM Far and away the most popular of all the cream sandwich biscuits.

NATIONAL SCHEME FOR DISABLED MEN

P.F. P.F.



Always sharp—never sharpened—that is Eversharp. And this history-making pencil is now on sale in Great Britain. As your Eversharp reaches you, it contains enough lead to write 250,000 words. Costs only a shilling for additional leads that will last several months. Eversharp represents the combined arts of the jeweller and the skilled artisan. In the handle are additional leads and removable eraser. Eversharp comes equipped with chain ring or pocket clip.

All styles, sizes, prices. Be sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil.

The Wahl Eversharp Company, Ltd.,
Premier House,
150, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EVERSHARP

The perfect pointed pencil.

Paying the Price

Falling behind in the struggle of modern business, many men of middle age are to-day paying the price of dental neglect. Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but its germs invade the body and weaken its resistance to physical ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. The teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the roots.

Forhan's For the Gums, used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to use Forhan's

Use Forhan's twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water place half-an-inch of Forhan's on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices.

Massage gums either with your Forhan-coated brush or with the finger. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only. 2/6 a double-size tube at all Chemists.

If your chemist cannot supply you, send direct to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C. 4, who will forward a tube for 2/6 post free.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

SAND WAGONS free

DON'T take the children to the seaside this year without one of Wright's Sand Wagons, just the thing to keep them happy for hours. Besides making novel sand castles, this ingenious contrivance forms a light, handy receptacle for carrying things to and from the beach.

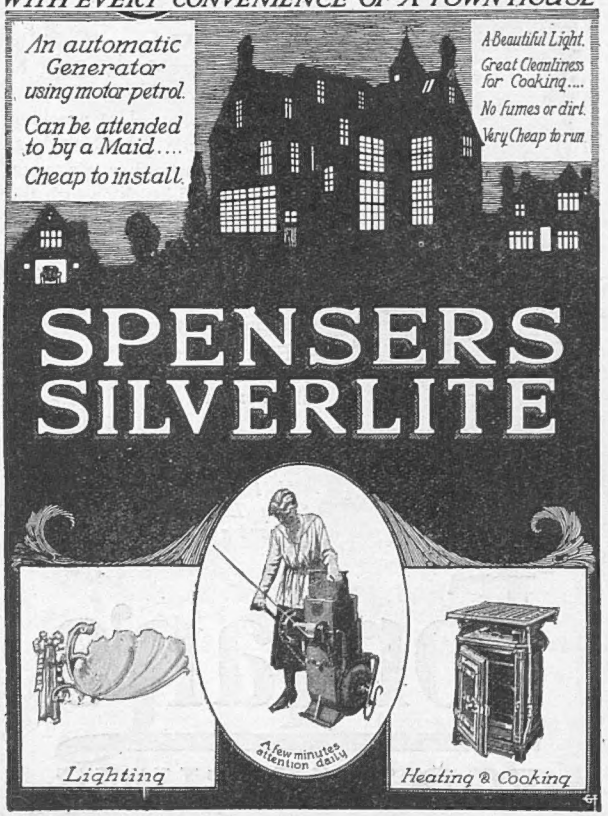
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

TO secure one of these sand wagons you have only to collect six outside wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap and send them, together with 1/- for postage and packing, to "Sandboxes," Wright, Layman & Umney Ltd., Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

(As only a limited number are available, early application is essential.)

The Country Home

WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE OF A TOWN HOUSE



SPENSERS SILVERLITE

SPENSERS Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., London, W. 119, George Street, Edinburgh.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

"Direct from Scotland."

The high-grade all-round quality of the Norwell Brogues is fully manifested by the comfort and service they render on the golf links. Fitting exactly, the brogues yield the fullest support, and they are skilfully built to give the perfect stance: throughout long wear they hold their perfect shape. The combination of clever craftsmanship with the finest leather makes them absolutely waterproof, almost wear-proof.

The "Atholl" (No. 53)

A gentleman's brogue, splendidly-made in every detail. Hand-made, leather-lined, with finest dry calfskin. Uppers of flexible chrome grain calfskin. Black, Brown or Tony Red Willow calfskin **55/-**

Uppers of white whaleskin, black only **65/6**

When ordering, please give name or number required.

Orders are sent post free in Britain; postage abroad extra.

Norwells guarantee entire satisfaction or cheerfully refund the purchase money in full.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue to

Norwell's 'Perth' Footwear, Ltd.
Perth Scotland

£50 for a Snap-shot

1st	PRIZE	£50
2nd	PRIZE	£20
3rd	PRIZE	£15
4th	PRIZE	£10
5th	PRIZE	£5

20 Extra Prizes of £2
20 Extra Prizes of £1

CHILPRUFE HAPPY-SNAP PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

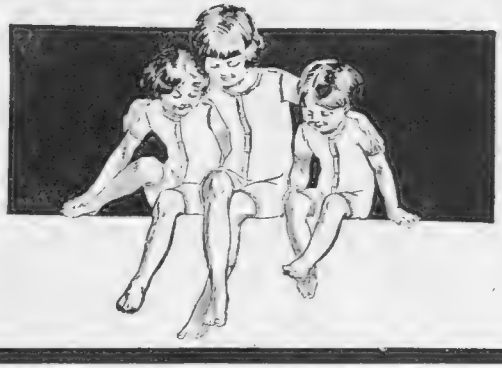
We are offering £160 in CASH PRIZES for the best photographs of children dressed in 'CHILPRUFE' and, snapped in happy moods, the kiddies should make delightful little pictures.

There is plenty of scope for the subject during the holiday months—a sunlit corner of the garden,—the nursery—or the seaside, and the happy care-free kiddies.

The entries will be judged by F. J. Mortimer, Esq., F.R.P.S., Art Editor of the "Amateur Photographer"

Ask your Draper for an Entry Form which gives full particulars.

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(JOHN A. BOLTON, PROPRIETOR, LEICESTER.)



Write for Illustrated Booklet.

The "QUORN" Riding and Sports Shirt.

BY means of a special design in a tail piece attached to the back of the shirt, which passes between the legs and is fastened in front, the skirts of the shirt are prevented from getting out of place, and the shirt itself is unable to ruck up. Absolute comfort is thus assured to the wearer in whatever sport he may be engaged.

Prices, and Patterns of material sent on request.

Sample Shirt in our "Inclutus" Flannel, Price **26/6**

TURNBULL & ASSER
71-72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Made with MILK—yet rich as Country Cream

HERE is a dessert—we have called it Orange Cream Fluff—that will do honour to your sideboard, that will make you want to hurry through the courses so that you may enjoy its creamy, fruit-flavoured richness.

And here is an interesting fact about this cream pudding—*it is made with milk*. It is made with Libby's Evaporated Milk—the product of famous pasture lands, pure, sweet milk from which one-half of the moisture has been removed by evaporation. It is Libby's Evaporated Milk that gives to this dessert—and to all cooking—the richness of cream.

You will want to try this delightful dessert—the recipe is given below. And when you have tried it, you will want Libby's Evaporated Milk, for its richness and economy, all the time. Order it from your grocer—he has it or will gladly get it for you.

Orange Cream Fluff.

1½ tablespoonfuls gelatine.
¼ cupful cold water.
¼ cupful boiling water.
½ cupful sugar.
¾ cupful orange juice.
¼ cupful lemon juice.
1 cupful Libby's Evaporated Milk.

Soak gelatine in cold water, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. When cool add fruit juice; allow to stand until mixture thickens slightly, then whip until fluffy. Add Libby's Evaporated Milk. Put in a cool place until firm. This serves six people.

Let your Grocer be your Milkman.

Write for our free booklet "Finer Flavoured Milk Dishes." It is full of recipes for delicious cream and butter saving dishes that will please the whole family.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Ltd.

(Dept. 52), 8, GREAT TOWER STREET, LONDON.

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The Bystander, August 11, 1920. No. 871. Vol. LXVII.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

OUR "GLORIOUS TWELFTH"

THE AMERICAN VISITOR: *"Why Grouse?"*

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Baiting the Coalition

THE curious cross-voting on the Estimates last week, and the severe criticisms by Sir Frederick Banbury, which brought down the sjambok of Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Gordon Hewart, serve to emphasise the fact that it is popular, if futile, to bait the Coalition. The "largest circulations" have seen this for some time, and keep worrying away, and even the defence of the Coalition by Lieut.-Col. Hurst, the Unionist M.P., in the *Nineteenth Century*, is full of the naïvest back-handed compliments—which are clearly quite unintentional.

Compromise

IT is one of the queerest of our national paradoxes that, as Dizzy cutely said, we do not love Coalitions, though they are essentially a compromise, and compromise is the A B C of the Englishman's philosophy of life. But not being very subtle he thinks politically only in two dimensions, Conservative and Liberal, whereas a Frenchman thinks in at least a dozen—and therefore does not understand Parliament. That is the real reason why the *tertium quid* of Labour puzzles John Bull so much, while the combination of the three, which was at least the original theory of the Coalition, induces guerilla attacks from people and papers who think they are "independent." What they attack is the contribution of the particular party they happen to dislike. So the Coalition feels itself quite safe and remains impenitent.

Labour and the "Grouse"

IT is not, however, in the least difficult to understand why Labour likes the junior member for the City, for it recognises that Sir Frederick Banbury is a "regular out and outer" as Mr. Chevalier sings every night at the Lyceum, whereas the ordinary Coalitionist is, to them, like Gilbert's Strephon, whose fairy trunk could go through a keyhole, while his terrestrial legs were left sticking on the other side. Probably that is why the middle class, which has hitherto held the balance between the two social extremes, is, as an evening paper says, "too depressed and too harassed" to exercise any effective influence in public affairs. Even with a Coalition its power was never so helpless. It is too tired to "grouse"—even though we are at the Twelfth.

An Etymological Note

THE Minister of Transport is transporting himself to the land of brown heath (Erica, the Romans called it) and shaggy wood, to escape from the grousers and follow the grouse. But although Eric is a Scot, his name is not derived from Erica (which is the name of a famous Banffshire herd of cattle.) In Ould Erin, *eric* means a fine (which is just what trains have become) and its Teutonic root means "ever king." I wonder if our Eric will always be king of the road, or whether he will, like Dean Farrar's prototype, become "little by little." You never can tell, as Mr. Shaw would say.

Six Years Ago

WRITING on August 4, one cannot see the date without recalling that August 4 of six years ago. As soon as the fact of war was definitely announced, I took a taxi-cab and drove about London for an hour. For long after midnight a great crowd surged and cheered outside the War Office. The other great crowd was outside Buckingham Palace. Elsewhere late wayfarers formed into groups and paraded, cheering all the time. The late buses carried cheering passengers on top, and here and there a taxi-cab careered along with its passengers on the outside, all cheering. Everyone who was about was cheering. At the end of my trip, as I was paying my cabman, he said,

By Alfred Leete

"PLAYING WITH FIREARMS"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

"I wonder what the d—— fools think they're cheering about?" He seemed to be the only person out in London that night who did not feel like cheering. He was no pacifist, for he approved of England declaring war. But he had seen and fought in war and thought it nothing to cheer about. Perhaps he was right. When I suggested that we must start cheering to end cheering, he only shook his head, saying, "War's nothing to cheer about." I have often thought of that cabbie. I feel in my bones that when his "age" came along he did his bit as a volunteer.

"Le Gentleman"

I TAKE off my hat to the French Academy. Much as it dislikes admitting new words, and especially foreign words, to the French language, it has admitted the English "gentleman." A very pretty compliment at this moment. For who can doubt that it is the Academy's fitting acknowledgment to the hundreds of thousands of very gallant Englishmen of all classes who shed their blood and gave their lives in France and for France? At least, I like to think that this is so. Not only has the Academy adopted the word that we for long have been afraid to use, except in a few stereotyped phrases such as "Ladies and Gentlemen!" but it has defined it. Of course, our dictionaries define it, but our dictionaries will do anything. Who accepts their definition of a word like "gentlemen"? I don't. Webster, for example, won't allow a gentleman to "engage in any occupation or profession regularly for gain," which, as the American said, "sounds very like what we call a tramp." A "gent." has been well and wittily defined as "something short of a gentleman." But that brings us little nearer the definition of the longer word. One of the thousands of Whitehall's charwomen two or three years ago showed what her idea was. And we must respect ideas from Whitehall. She described the different classes of people who came to work, or spend their time, in her office, adding after each, "they come at 8.30 a.m.," and so on until 10.30 a.m., concluding with, "and the gentlemen come any time after eleven." The French Academy defines a gentleman as "a man who, without being noble of race, has lofty sentiments, elegant manners, and does noble acts." A fine definition. I suppose a nobleman can claim to be noble merely by virtue of his noble race. It's an old story, but noblemen and gentlemen are old-established things, and everyone knows of the commoner who put up a notice in a famous club, "Will the nobleman who stole my umbrella last night kindly return it?" Carpeted by an outraged committee, he argued: "This club, by its constitution, is one 'for noblemen and gentlemen,' no gentleman would steal my umbrella. It must have been a nobleman." My definition? I leave it to you. It seems to me that the Boy Scouts, perhaps, aim more nearly at the French Academy's than any other class.

A FRIENDLY TIP By Fred Buchanan

Mr. Bull: "You men know that you've got to live together!"
Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught (*in chorus*): "What about it?"
Mr. Bull: "Then—Get Together!"

Liquid Weather

NO one has yet said a good word for the weather last month, and this month up to the time of writing. But something can be said for everything, even for weather like this. Think what a magnificent counter-demonstration it has been to the preachings of Pussyfoot. Who now will dare to ask us to believe in no liquid but water? Nature at the appropriate moment has sent us a surfeit of it, and in such a way as to emphasise the blessings of her other liquid gifts. She has also pointed a moral for the work-shy. She has shown the six-hour day and five-day week gentlemen that fourteen hours a day seven days a week on an irrigation job is quite easy. She has also justified the scientific gentlemen who, when we had just such weather in the first summers of the War, utterly refused to believe us when we declared it was due to the heavy gunfire in France and Flanders. Having quite adequately performed these duties, I hope now she will "dry up."

Germans and Food

BEFORE I can feel really sorry for the Germans and their food trouble I must be convinced that they are getting far less than the 60 per cent. shortage I read of the other day. From my observations of Germans, in Germany and many other parts of the world, anyone who consumed 40 per cent. of the food they used to eat would be grossly overfed. Their snacks between meals alone would appal even an English schoolboy towards the end of term.

Overworked M.P.'s?

AND so our M.P.'s are overworked. Who'd have thought it, poor fellows? But I read it seriously put forth in a newspaper, 'The pace of Parliament lately has been getting too hot for M.P.s. Even the Government admit that it cannot be kept up." Yet

THE RETURRN OF HARRRY LAUDERR (Prehistoric Times) By E. T. Reed

Enters (*singing gaily*): "I—I love a lass-ie, a bonn-ie bonn-ie la . . . ."

His Wee Bit Prehistawric Wifie: "Oh! ye do, do ye? Then Mr. Justice Horr-ridge weell juist hae to pit that richt. I'm thenkin'!"

if you look at the division lists there never seems to be much of a crowd at work, and even those have been charged with spending nearly all their time in the smoking-room, except when they go to be told where to vote. Besides, it's thinking and worrying that is so exhausting, and all this is done for our M.P.'s by quite a few people. And these few do not seem to be overworked. Most of them seem to revel in their jobs and find plenty of time for a little extra work, writing articles for newspapers, for example.

A Prophetic Utterance

The King, in his message to the Imperial Press Conference now assembled at Montreal refers to "the prophetic utterances of Lord Rosebery" in his speech at the first conference in 1909. None who heard it can ever forget it. One episode, which I did not see reported at the time, was particularly dramatic. The great company, disturbed by the rattle of a heavy shower on the iron roof, had silently left their seats and gathered in front of Lord Rosebery in the form of a huge crescent. He had been speaking of the piling up of armaments by every nation and spoke in impressive, almost awed, tones, of the certainty of Armageddon. There was a great hush over all as he raised his hand and said, "I almost think that I can hear the sound of the guns." A moment's deep silence, and then crash! crash! Two cannon seemed to roar almost in the same second. It was the two giant maroons going off to mark the opening of the Stadium which adjoined the building in the White City where Lord Rosebery was speaking. A prophet indeed!

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Cowes and a Recollection

COWES has lifted up its head once more, for this year its ancient glories have returned. The Cowes week of 1914 was not at all unlike Byron's "Night Before the Battle of Waterloo," with its sudden call to arms, its "hurrying to and fro," and the dispersal to sterner tasks of all the gay and happy young men—alas! so many of them never to see the white sails and the Squadron lawns again.

And in this year of re-beginning one figure has been sadly missed—Lord Ormonde, the Commodore, the *doyen* of British yachting. It was on Lord Ormonde's yacht at Kiel when the Kiel Canal was opened that Prince Henry of Prussia said—for all the world to hear—that he loathed and despised all the Russian Grand Dukes, and that everyone of them ought to be shot. It made a prodigious sensation at the time, as the ex-Kaiser and the Tsar were by way of being such close friends. We know what the ex-Kaiser's friendship amounted to.

Scottish Shootings

EVERYONE vows that the times are hard almost beyond bearing, but Scottish moors and fishings are letting even more readily than in prosperous pre-war years. Mr. Lewin, of New Zealand, has taken Lord Galloway's place, Glentrool, in Kirkcudbrightshire; the stags, salmon, and sea-trout at Lord Dunmore's place in South Harris, Lusken-tyre, will fall to Major Digby's gun and rod, and Mr. Leather, of Liverpool, has taken Auchendarroch, with its 4,000 acres of moor from Campbell of Auchendarroch, who has also let another of his shootings, Brenfield, to Count Artaga.

Then Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart has let Westerton, on his Pluscarden estate, in Morayshire, to Mr. R. K. Cross; and Mr. Bishop, of Reading, has taken Lochbuie Castle, with the shootings and fishings of Benbuie, in the Isle of Mull, from Maclaine of Lochbuie. Sir Charles Ross, of Balnagown has let Braelangwall, in Ross-shire, to Mrs. R. Henderson, and likewise Kincardine Moor to Mr. T. Stanley Chappell. Guisachen, which the late Lord Portsmouth bought from the late Lord Tweedmouth, *porte chiuse*, as they say in Italy, that is, just as it stood, has been let by Lady Portsmouth to Mr. H. Cram-Ewing. It is of some 22,000 acres, and the house is one of the most beautiful in Scotland. There are Wedgwood medallions over most of the doors; the fireplaces and decorations generally will probably be put in a museum a hundred years hence.

THE PRINCE MAKES FRIENDS

With a baby kangaroo in Melbourne. This picture is symbolical of H.R.H.'s immense popularity in the Land of the Kangaroo

Photographs] AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE *[Ernest Brooks*

The Prince of Wales plants a tree to commemorate his visit to the City

In France Now August's Here

THERE has been a great rush to France these last days, and some of the seaside places in Brittany, I hear, are beginning to

Photograph] THE KING AND QUEEN ON BOARD THE BRITANNIA *[Central News*

With them are the Duke of York, Princess Mary, Major Philip Hunloke, and some members of the crew. The photograph was taken during last week's races at Cowes, where the Britannia won two races

Photograph [*L. N. A.*

LORD READING AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Going aboard at Cowes from the Royal Yacht Squadron landing stage

be uncomfortably crowded. Everywhere it is the same story—a shortage of houses. But did places expand so quickly in pre-War days that a cessation of building for six years has dried up the accommodation for a considerable percentage of the population, certainly the moving population? I heard of a lady who, on arriving at a Brittany seaside resort, was calmly told that the room she had engaged had been let. The only reason given was that she was alone, and the room was needed by a husband and wife. "Vous voyez, Madame, c'est un double pension, et ça vaut quelque chose en ces jours—et après la guerre!"

A Word of Warning

EVERYBODY who looks down the advertisement columns of daily newspapers is familiar with the offer of remunerative work for ladies. There is generally a suggestion that the work is easy and experience is not essential. Such advertisements sound tempting, but let me tell you this little tale.

The wife of a wounded officer who had had a very bad time and was forced to find some sort of work to keep herself, her husband, and their little home afloat, saw such an advertisement. She wrote, and in reply received a letter bearing a good address in the West End, and signed with a name which is in "Debrett." The letter explained that the writer was interested in a home for disabled soldiers who could only use their hands, and had undertaken to dispose of handkerchief sachets which some of the men had been taught to make. The packing and despatch of these sachets was too great a strain upon her time, and she was, therefore, prepared to pay a percentage

Photographs *Central News and British Illustrations*

AT COWES: THE HON. H. DENISON (on right) AND THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN

Inset is a splendid photograph of His Majesty seated on the bulwarks of the Britannia during a race. King George is among the keenest of yachtsmen, and that keenness is well illustrated here

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

of the cost of each sachet sold to anyone who would undertake this work for her. Nothing else was required, as the name and addresses of purchasers would be given.

The Interview—

THERE was an interview—a charming house, a charming woman, everything as simple and straightforward as could be. The officer's wife was to call twice a week for packets of the sachets, and a list of the addresses to which they were to be sent. The percentage was liberal, and the allowance for string, paper, boxes, and postage was also liberal.

For a month or six weeks the sachets, which were made of white satin and delicately scented, were collected, packed, and despatched. One point the sender noticed—the same names recurred over and over again in the lists of addresses. She mentioned this to her charming employer, who immediately explained, "Oh, those are kind friends of mine who have undertaken to sell the sachets regularly."

—And After

ONE day while packing the sachets, the little wife suddenly called out to her husband who was in the next room. He found her standing by a table, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dilated.

"I feel so strange," she said, "as if I were floating in the air! It's so funny—and I'm frightened! It began directly after I smelt this!"

Lying on the table was one of the sachets. It had been so carelessly sewn that the inner side of the silk covering was hanging like a flap, and on the inside of this flap was a little pocket filled with a white powder. The husband had seen something like his wife's excitement before—he had been for a time with American soldiers in France. His suspicions were aroused. He took the powder to a doctor. It was cocaine! And every sachet had the same little secret pocket!

"OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE PARK"

This charming photograph shows Miss Eileen (on right) and Miss Loraine Berry, the two elder daughters of Mr. H. Seymour Berry, J.P., out riding in the grounds of their home, Gwaelodygarph, Merthyr Tydfil. They are both keen—and talented—young horsewomen

"Gone Abroad"

WHETHER the charming lady was suspected by the police and so used this plan of "remunerative employment" to screen her ghastly traffic I do not know, but it was significant that although the officer's wife never went to the house again or herself made any sign of the discovery, she received no word from the charming lady. When the husband, out of curiosity, enquired for the lady he was told that she had gone abroad and no letters were being forwarded. But the police had been informed of the clever trick, hence perhaps the reason for the lady's departure.

Photographs] THE NEW MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND HER HUSBAND *[Elliott & Fry*

Lord Drumlanrig has just succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the 9th Marquis, which occurred suddenly in South Africa. He served during the war in the Black Watch, was twice wounded, and married in 1917 to Irene Richards the well-known actress

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE BYSTANDER BUTTERFLY

HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST six years ago, it was, wasn't it? that something strange and new and terrible began to happen to England. Something awful and wonderful, tragic and glorious, utterly heartbreaking and infinitely sublime. Something that we saw at first only as in a glass, darkly, never guessing, even those of us whose hearts and brains throbbed quickest, quite what it meant and would mean to us each and every one.

卐 卐

LUCKILY, perhaps? If we could have known then the chapters that were to come in that story . . . the story that started on August 11, 1914, when, as we know now, though all was hidden then, the first of our men sailed for France. The first, the very first, of that—

. . . little mighty force that stood for England,
Stood fast while England girt her armour on:
Held high our honour in your wounded hands,
Carried our honour safe with bleeding feet. . . .
We have no glory great enough for you,
The very soul of Britain keeps your day.

I hope it does. I'm sure it does—the real soul, that is, which knows the two great secrets of love and death. And the rest don't matter.

卐 卐

WE haven't ever really forgotten, I'm positive, those early pioneers on the hard path that led to glory by mud and blood and wounds and death, the "mercenary army" who—

. . . in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling,
And took their wages and are dead.

Nor those later ones, even more heroic, perhaps, in their way, who were untrained to arms but leapt to them all the same, who gave up ease and love and life itself without a backward glance, to plunge into unknown, but well guessed-at, horrors for the sake of—an idea?

卐 卐

SIX years? Sometimes it seems a century ago—so much has happened since then, so many furrows have been burnt with the branding-iron into our hearts, so many bitter potions poured into our sparkling cup of life. Long, laden years, but—

They shall not grow old,
As we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them,
Nor the years condemn.

Dear dead, they stay young for ever in our hearts, where alone they live, and where we cherish and treasure above all else the aching pain that is the symbol of their presence.

卐 卐

IT may be bitter to remember, but far, far worse, surely, to forget. Though easier, certainly. "Why encounter love and death when life is sweet? That is the cowardly question that murmurs ever in the heart of man." But no, I don't think we have really and truly forgotten the men who faced and bore all those hardships and terrors, imaginable and unimaginable, for England, and for us.

'The Margot Memoirs . . always intriguing"

卐 卐

THOUGH when I say we, of course, I mean you and me—us British, not just people who live in Britain. Like, for instance, the fit "its" who were "conscientious" or "indispensable," or the German-Jew patriots who just sat tight and made their patriotic millions out of khaki or boots or huts or shipping. *Bien entendu?*

卐 卐

SIX years ago. When our men reached France, to start marching, marching. . . . When the first scene began of the first act of that drama, that tragedy, that epic, which ended only yesterday, but which at least we thought *had* ended, once and for all. And now . . .?

卐 卐

NOW we read once more, and rub our eyes. These are critical weeks—is it to be peace or war? . . . The possibility which lies immediately ahead is the collapse of the European system. . . . Have the Allies really saved civilisation, or is it in even greater peril now than in 1914? . . . A widespread plot against Western civilisation . . . . If the Bolshevics succeed half Europe may soon be in the melting-pot once more. . . .

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

IT was a fateful time, that August of 1914, and by all seeming this one, too, may be full of fate. For, as one writer points out, the "colossal disaster" of a new war, if it happened, "would no longer be a straight fight between clean-cut gigantic forces." It would mean all sorts of wars, little and big, in all parts of Europe and Asia, that might drag on for years. . . .

卐 卐

WELL, well. . . . No use going out to meet trouble, anyway, is it? Has a little way of getting to one quite quick enough, thank you, without any outside assistance. Let's not worry too much about to-morrow, what?

卐 卐

STILL includes in London, now, even in the "dull" season, when Oxford Street is up in at least four places and Bond Street a desert and Piccadilly a wilderness, just a few distractions to soothe the mind urged well nigh to melancholia by higher and ever higher taxes, or driven to the verge of desperation by tidings of trade slumps, labour crises, dearer clothes, dearer telephones, even dearer bread. Leading position in the front row whereof — distractions, I mean—being awarded, of course, and *ex officio*, so to speak, to the Margot Memoirs in the *Sunday Times*, with their always intriguing *motifs*, such as "Why *are* women so *much* less beautiful than they used to be?"

"It only included . . . . the frock!"

卐 卐

HEAR, once more (talking of distractions), of prospects of the Tango really coming to London at last . . . soon. Certainly in the Riviera this spring they'd quite fallen for (as they say in the U.S.) this once-denounced but really quietest and gracefullest of dances, and if Mentone and Monte and the rest can do it, why not London? I ask you.

卐 卐

DANCE places not *quite* empty yet, by the way, if it *is* the "dead" month, nor any noticeably Sahara-like aspect at the theatres—in average August weather (vintage 1920), anyway. Such *ducks* all the theatrical managers are here in London, now, you know! The way, I mean, they simply *love* it to rain regular cats and dogs—which, being dramatically interpreted, is, I suppose, pit and circle and stalls (and standing room only).

卐 卐

C'RECT thing, though, of course, at this season of the year, is to be up at some nice little place at the Trossachs or somewhere, with four hundred bedrooms and no bathroom, stalking the wary grouse or sniping the wily partridge—but no. . . . *They* don't begin till the first of next month as ever is, do they? Only trouble (I gather) is how, having paid your new and (upwardly) revised railway fares to the North, to raise, negotiate, or otherwise procure the necessary flickering flock and bulging bundle of Bradburys required to propitiate or even barely escape with your life from the head (and other) keepers who supervise the modern shoot.

卐 卐

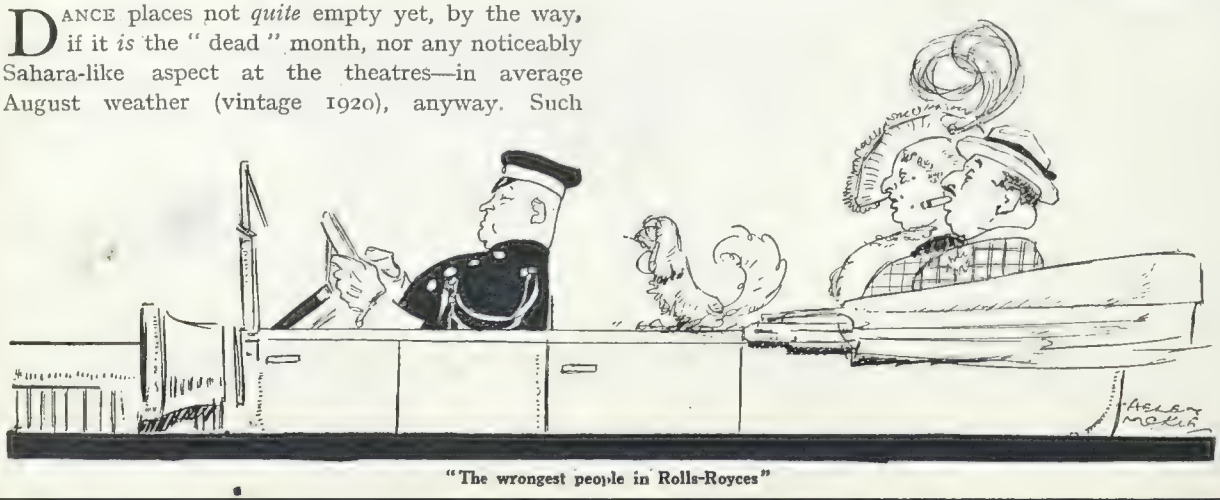
REALLY, air travelling does seem to be the only way, these days, doesn't it? Best, cheapest, *and* safest—what with the "Geddes railway ramp," and roads infested with "char-à-banc hooligans" and legions of all the wrongest people in Rolls-Royces. Been simply *plunging* in the expensivest cars, by the way, I hear—those perfectly good Indian Rajahs who've been visiting us lately.

卐 卐

AND seeing life generally, including even *mannequin* parades. At which one of them was so enraptured by one of the exhibits that he absolutely insisted on buying it. And didn't even turn a hair at the price, till he discovered that it only included . . . the frock! Then he fainted.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE



"The wrongest people in Rolls-Royces"

A "Sea Change"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS?

"MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION!" By Frrd Buchanan

The Modern Transport Minister

(With Apologies to W. S. Gilbert) BY W. HODGSON BURNET

(The Select Committee on National Expenditure characterise the Ministry of Transport as a "Grandiose" Department, mainly occupied in collecting statistics of doubtful value.)

SONG: SIR ERIC GEDDES.

I am the very pattern of a modern Transport Minister,
When *I* took on the railways things were looking very sinister,
There's nothing in the railway world to me the least bit mystical,
My work, and that of all my staff, is mainly the statistical.
We know how many dining-cars arrive each day at Paddington,
We know the local time-table from Croydon (East) to Addington,
We know the daily takings of the booking-clerk at Amberley,
(*Bothered for next rhyme*)—Amberley—Amberley—
(*struck with an idea*)
And when the seven-thirty's due from Waterloo at Camberley!

STAFF (*in chorus*):

And when the seven-thirty's due, etc.

SIR ERIC:

Our railways' total length of lines, by looking up a card or two,
We guarantee to tell you in a minute to a yard or two,
In short, to cavil at our work, I think, is rather sinister,
I am the very pattern of a modern Transport Minister.

STAFF:

In short, to cavil at his work, we think, is rather sinister;
He is the very pattern of a modern Transport Minister.

SIR ERIC:

We've numbered all the sleepers in a manner most meticulous—
A useful work, to laugh at which, to *my* mind, seems ridiculous;
In half a second we can tell a man how he can have his talk
With someone in another train which meets *his* train at Tavistock.
We've told a doting father who desired to meet his daughter, Lou,
The number of the engine which conveyed her train to Waterloo.
We know the names of those who stoke the "Sandown" and the "Ramillies,"
(*Bothered for next rhyme*)—Ramillies—Ramillies—
(*struck with an idea*)—
We even know the Christian names of their respective families!

(*Continued on page 362*)

The Bystander "Cairo to Cape" Flight

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. XVII.—"WE EVENTUALLY LANDED AT THE SOUTH POLE"

THE MODERN TRANSPORT MINISTER (*concluded*)

STAFF (*in chorus*) :
We even know the Christian names, etc.

SIR ERIC :
This form contains all stations, and it shows upon which platform is
The booking-office ; you'll admit that highly useful *that* form is,
In fact this base attack upon my work is somewhat sinister,
I am the very pattern of a modern Transport Minister.

STAFF :
In fact this base attack upon his work is somewhat sinister,
He is the very pattern of a modern Transport Minister.

SIR ERIC :
Don't think our work is easy, please, I really must admonish you,
The mass of information we have gathered would astonish you.
Here is a list, for instance, of reserved saloons and carriages,
Which people booked in 1910 for funerals and marriages,
And here's a book of pre-war fares—I thought they'd make your mouth water—
You see it's only 3s. 6d. from London Bridge to Southwater.

(*Alarmed*)
He's fainted ! Here, drink this ! Ah, what a lot the world to brandy owes !
(*Bothered for next rhyme*)—Brandy owes—brandy owes—(*struck with an idea*)
And yet some people dare to call this live department "Grandiose."

STAFF :
And yet some people, etc.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL——!"

By Stan Terry

"Six-a-Siders"—and All Down the Middle!

(To obtain full effect of this headline, see French Dictionary of Pronunciation!)

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE"

"White Nights" in Dalarna.

BY THE BYSTANDER-IN-SWEDEN

YES; there is no one place outside Hackney where he was born, and Eton where he was educated, that strikes the Bystander-in-Sweden as lovely as Dalarna. It means "The Dales"; and it's Sweden's heart. As he concocts what nice things he'll send to THE BYSTANDER, he leans on the fence that cuts off Foreign Minister Palmstierna's cottage from the Rättvik Road, and half-dreams.

IT is near midnight, but not night. Below the Bystander shimmers Lake Silyan, which is just too big for the unimposing hills around (except at Leksand to the south, which hangs over a purple gulf); above him is the fir-rustling slope, where this morn he tripped in mazes of Linnea Borealis, the trailer-flower of rose-pink bells that's Sweden's emblem; and quite close to him—it seems—is the (almost) Midnight Sun. It is ten; but so light that the Bystander without using a glowworm can indite easily his high Dalarnian thoughts.

AND close to the Bystander, arm in arm, are a *Dalkarl* and a *Dalkulla*—a Dalarnian man and maid. Good-looking, if leathery; stock of the first stout boors who made Gustav Vasa, who followed Gustav Adolphus to Luetzen, who went under with Voltaire's hero at Poltava. They're sharpish. The girl has a sharp nose, and wears a little red-ribboned, dark-blue, crippled Glengarry cap—which makes her look like a hen; and wears, too, a horizontally striped petticoat—which makes her look like First Attempts at Camouflage. "A *Swedish* petticoat," say foreigners; but it's merely *Rättvikian:* here every parish has its own petticoat; and Mora's, on the other side of shimmering Silyan, is cerulean blue.

AND the man? He, too, has a sharp, sharp nose; but that is softened by his flat, parsonical hat. He has short, cream shammy breeches, with swinging scarlet pompons; he has a deep-blue Early-Victorian tail-coat; but it's cut at the collar like an Anglican parson's. His features are severe, thoughtful, almost noble, and—he's drunk. It's Johannis Night, and on Johannis Night, the old heathen festival of midsummer, the most Christian Swede gets drunk.

AN hour earlier the Bystander was right in Rättvik townlet. Everyone danced. There's a Maypole (there's one also in Minister Palmstierna's garden), decked with fir-needle garlands, and an arrow on top. The ancient Bystander danced—holding the well-shaped horny hand of a hen-like Dalkulla. He felt aged thirty. An American danced, and a Turk who won't give his name (Enver?) looked on. The hotel maids danced; made the most beautiful eyes.

THEY will dance till dawn—it's a Johannis Night regulation—but there is no real dawn, and no real sunset, only a strip of unfading crimson afterglow stretching from north-by-west, where the sun just hides itself an hour or two, to north-by-east, where it hops up again. The Bystander can feel the emotion, even though he (and the Turk) are the only males in Dalarna who are not—drunk.

YESTERDAY the Bystander went to Mora. Even the name's beautiful. But what's more beautiful still is Mora Church, with its crazy, separated wooden bell-tower stuck in a village green; and what's beautifuller still (they're going to England) are the pit-props sweeping down from Lake Orsa. And beautifullest of all are the Mora *Dalkullas*. Their sky-blue aprons! Their sky-blue eyes!

THE Bystander dived with the prettiest one into the cellar (with chapel overhead) in which once a pious woman hid stout Gustav Vasa from his Danish foes—in what year the *Dalkulla* was too emotional to remember, and the Bystander (now feeling twenty) didn't care to know. When they came out, the *Dalkulla* looked rosy. It was the afterglow. Afterwards the Bystander visited the painter Anders Zorn's house; but he prefers Zorn's pictures; and at Tällberg he saw a much nicer imitation old-Dalarna farmhouse built by the other painter, Ankarcrona.

THE Midnight Sun, and—Drinks! They dominate. *Aqua vita* is the good Swedo-Latin name for the antipussyfooting schnaps which inspire Dalarna to Johannis Night dance; and the old Midnight Sun itself is just the colour of schnaps. Oceans of it (sun and schnaps) were absorbed to-day. From the little pier at Persborg, where the steamers call, the Bystander looked across two miles of water towards the high hill behind Rättvik, a hill called Vidablick (which means Wideview), studded to the top with flame-red houselets; and on a hundred windows the north-setting sun blazed until it seemed that all Dalarna was alight.

BUT just as the Bystander was elaborating this fine frenzied phrase for stylistic Tallis Street, along came a particularly good-looking, erect, stern, almost noble *Dalkarl* in parsonical coat-shape, and—tumbled into Lake Silyan. He was drunk. It's not deep; *aqua ordinara* expelled *aqua vita:* and with a boathook the Bystander did the rest. The *Dalkarl* thanked. He looked more like a parson than ever.

THE Dales-Dalarna—you must sing, not speak, the word—are the fairest part of this bad world. After Hackney and Eton the Bystander-in-Sweden loves them. He vows that he will return next year for Johannis Night; and for the week of White Nights nearest to it. Yes; he'll do it every midsummer till he's eighty, and that year he'll dive down again into Gustav Vasa's cellar with a cerulean-blue-aproned, cerulean-blue-eyed *Dalkulla*, and—feel eighteen.

Washing-Day on the Congo

BY HEATH ROBINSON

NATIVE LADY EMPLOYS TRAINED BOA-CONSTRICTORS TO WRING THE CLOTHES

A Charming Camera Pose

BY ONE WHO IS A PRACTISED ADEPT IN THE ART

Photograph MISS IVY DUKE *Lawrence and Fisher*

Who will be seen in the forthcoming George Clark Production "Testimony," Alice and Claude Askew's novel, which is being adapted and produced for the screen

French Leave at the Globe

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

ALTHOUGH this is a military play, you do not need to have been a soldier in order to appreciate it, since it is all about a pretty girl who is overwhelmed by attentions from members of the other sex, and that is a little adventure we can all understand. The plot is developed by dialogue that sparkles all the while, even if now and then the sparkle is a little forced. For instance, on one occasion a peppery (I think that is the right adjective) old General is seated at the breakfast-table, lecturing a youthful lieutenant, who presently interrupts him with the remark: "Excuse me, sir, but your elbow's in the butter." The little quip is, however, thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, a rather stout lady who sat in the next stall to mine laughed so energetically that the repercussion of her merriment shook my programme clean out of my hand.

THE scene is the mess-room of a Brigade resting out of the line "Somewhere in France." The Regulations, we are told, do not permit officers to enjoy the society of their wives during their rest cure, but ladies always were, and always will be, independent of mere regulations. Captain Glenister's young wife, for instance, to whom he has been married only a few months, happens to be in Paris at the time, and she hates to feel that she is being kept from her husband by a silly lot of red tape.

SO the woman of the house where the officers are billeted is bribed to say that Mrs. Glenister is her daughter, "Juliette." Mrs. Glenister learns

(Continued on page 370)

RENÉE KELLY AS JULIETTE

"Sub

"WE'LL KEEP OUR ENGAGEMENT QUIET, DA

Rosa"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

DARLING, WE WON'T LET A SOUL KNOW"

to speak broken English very prettily, and then comes and occupies the best bedroom in the house. And at the first opportunity she peeps into the mess-room and reveals herself to her astonished husband.

After that, of course, the story tells itself. We know what soldiers are! And, whatever happens, it must never leak out that "Juliette" is Captain Glenister's wife. The first trouble arises out of the possession of that best bedroom. A junior officer had commandeered it for the Brigadier-General, but when the young man found that it was being occupied by a very attractive lady he had to put the General in an attic instead. Mr. M. R. Morand, the General in question, is quite immense in this part. He demands to see the person who has, as it were, usurped his room; and when she comes and sits beside him at the breakfast-table and coos softly, he at once leaves off talking about turning her out.

It is true that the roof of his attic is leaky, and that there is a horrid, crying baby in the next room that keeps him from his beauty sleep, but he will gladly put up with these troubles and more to oblige the charming "Juliette." And he takes her hand and pats it tenderly, apparently in the hope of getting her to believe that he is nothing like as old as he looks; while he gets a laugh out of every line of his part. It is certainly a very able performance.

Another amusing part is that of Lieutenant Graham, who takes it for granted that "Juliette's" head has been absolutely turned by his manly beauty. When Captain Glenister

M. R. MORAND AS THE GENERAL

RENÉE KELLY AND M. R. MORAND

appeals to the lad, for obvious reasons, to let the girl alone, the Lieutenant protests that as Glenister is a married man he can, of course, no longer take an interest in pretty girls. As to that—well, I leave it to you, partner! Lieut. Graham has a cut-and-dried plan for creeping up to the lady's room in the dark, and he follows it accordingly, but when he knocks at her door he is pained to find that she is not there. As a matter of fact, she had come downstairs to meet her husband clandestinely. On hearing of the Lieutenant's approach the husband and wife hide behind the window curtains, "Juliette" having, however, betrayed her presence in the room by leaving her shawl on a chair. On perceiving it, the fatuous youth is convinced that the girl had come downstairs to meet him half-way, as it were, and by sheer ill-luck he has missed her again. His assurance is quite sublime; and the part is played in capital style by Mr. Henry Kendall.

"Juliette" is represented by Miss Renée Kelly with her customary sweetness. Miss Kelly

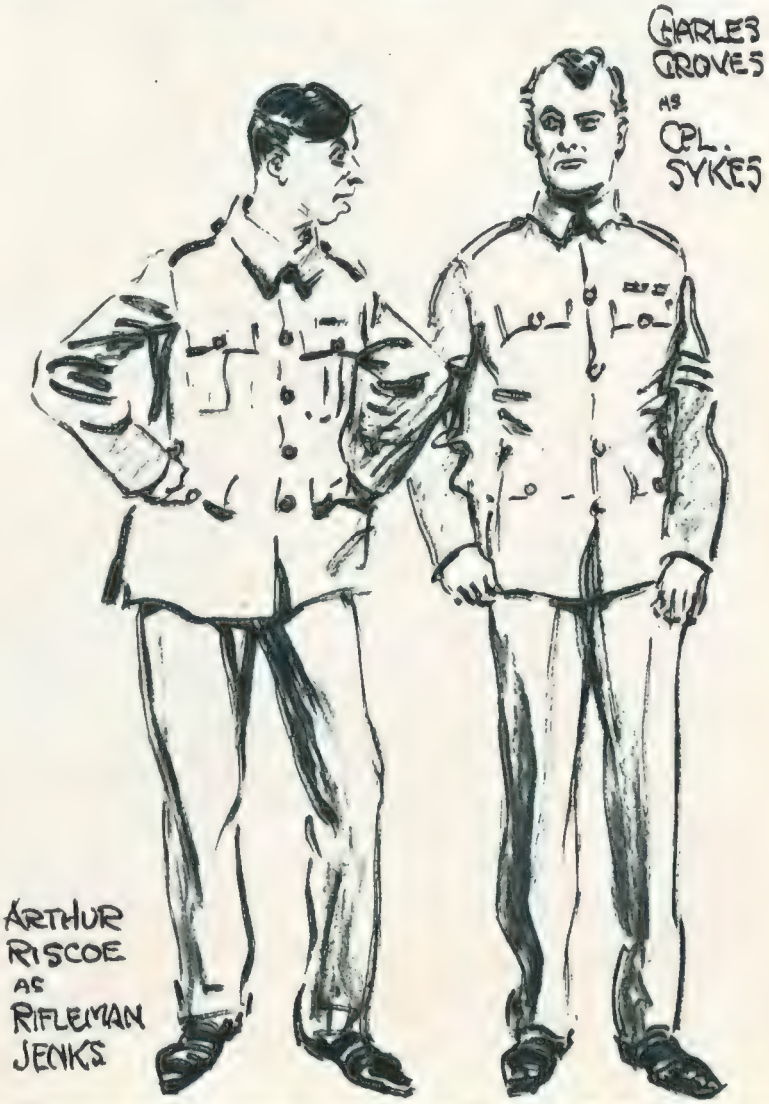
has caught the delightfully irresponsible air of the young wife most successfully. When Captain Glenister tells her how serious it will be if her identity is discovered, she laughs at his objections, and seems satisfied that she is quite capable of holding her own, if necessary, against the Commander-in-Chief himself.

PRESENTLY, however, the story takes a slightly more serious turn. One thing having led to another, as things do, you know, the question arises as to what this French girl is doing in that billet, anyway. And the dismal answer is that she must be a spy. Of course, it is all told very lightly and brightly, and, besides, we in the audience know that she isn't a spy at all, so that it is only the old General who is being spoofed. I wonder why, by the way, it is the practice in plays to make Generals such simple-minded people. If they can be bluffed so easily as this General is, it is no wonder it took us four years to win the war!

WHEN Glenister tries to convince his wife of the awfulness of the charge against her, and is afraid they may court-martial her, she replies laughingly, and with perfect truth, that she can't help it if they do! She takes it all as a good joke, and her confidence in herself is certainly not misplaced. Since matters have gone so far she asks if she may see the General alone. This request is a matter for grave consideration by the Staff, because everybody knows how desperate these women spies can be when they have only their last card to play. But the General is already under the spell of "Juliette's" charm, and, as may be expected, she secures her interview and emerges from it triumphant. The element of surprise is necessarily lacking in the story, but its absence is more than compensated for by the playful humour of the dialogue, and the all-round excellence of the acting.

CAPTAIN GLENISTER is played by Mr. Hylton Allen who is, of course, obliged to strike a more serious note than the others. When your wife descends on your billet and passes herself off as a single woman not adverse from admiration, you've got to feel a bit solemn about it. Mr. Allen's natural anguish makes an excellent foil for the drolleries of the other characters, since the laugh is supposed to be going on all the while at his expense.

A BRIGADE Interpreter is very energetically played by Mr. George de Warfaz, whose French suggests that he was to the manner born, so to speak, and Mr. Charles Groves is in excellent form as a Mess Corporal who has a proper contempt for the wisdom of other people because they are so young. *French Leave* is a most agreeabl entertainment, and even if we should get any real summer weather, which is no friend to the theatres, this play ought easily to survive the ordeal. I have not heard laughter so spontaneous and so sustained for quite a long while. JINGLE.



IN RESTFUL POSE: THREE NYMPHS OF THE SEA-SHORE

A charming photograph of three Morris dancers resting after the dance on the sands of a secluded Cornish cove

The Bystander at Deauville

THE SEASON IN FULL SWING

DEAUVILLE'S season has opened with all the brilliancy of pre-War days. The same gay, cosmopolitan crowd has collected for the opening of the Grande Semaine. Princes, *mannequins*, bankers, chorus girls, and a sprinkling of the smart set from London, Paris, and New York, with a dash of the serious Scandinavian tourist element, and more than a touch of the inscrutable oriental—and you have the Deauville of 1920.

AUGUST is one long, delicious round of events. Racing, polo, tennis, golf—everything, in fact, that the most captious pleasure-seeker could desire—not forgetting the unfailing lure of the *tapis vert* and the mad, hectic charms of *le dansing* as practised in the Casino, which for a few short weeks forms the hub of our fevered existence.

THE sleepy reveller is aroused at eleven-thirty by the strains of an indefatigable nigger band that calls him to the morning cocktail in the Rue Gontaut-Biron, or a perch on one of the high stools at the *alfresco* American bar which leads to the delightfully rural orchard of the Normandy Hotel. An orchard which shelters strange beings sometimes under its spreading apple-trees. The Rue de la Paix and Dover Street vie with one another there in a rainbow-hued motley.

PRINCE AGA KHAN is here with a party of friends. Very interested in the opera, where those of us who find that perpetual jazz palls can find relief in the exquisite strains of *Lakmé*, *Butterfly*, and *Bohême*, given by the best artistes of the Opéra and the Opéra-comique.

THE Rajah and Ranee of Tudokota are at the Royal Hotel. The latter is very much admired. She is always beautifully dressed, and her jewels are among the finest here. The Rajah of Kapurthala is another arrival, and Princess Duleep Singh and Lady Cochrane are also at the Royal, as is Mrs. Jay Gould.

OF course, the Paris stage is staying here *en masse*, from the stately ladies of the Théâtre Français to the little dancers of the music-halls of Montmartre. Our own particular stage stars are not unrepresented, for Julia James is here—a delight to the eye, as ever—and by the time these lines are in print Gertie Millar will have joined the happy throng. Rumour hints that the *Quaker Girl* is to be revived in Paris, and that Gertie will play the leading part! Lucky Paris!

I SAW young Rostand at the tables one evening. He is the son of the gifted author of *Cyrano*

(*Continued on page 374*)

Home Rule for—Syria

DAMASCUS DEMONSTRATES DESIRE FOR INDEPENDENCE

ARMED AND MOUNTED ARABS

Assembled on the outskirts of Damascus to assist at the demonstration for the independence of Syria

Photographs] MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL CLASSES PARADE THE STREETS *[Central News*

Huge crowds, including vast numbers of women, recently paraded the streets of Damascus in a demonstration in favour of the independence of Syria. Inset is a picture of the Amir Zeid, younger brother of the Amir Feisul, in attendance at the swearing in of the officer cadets of the Arab army. British officers also attended the ceremony

THE BYSTANDER AT DEAUVILLE (*concluded*)

de Bergerac, and is by way of being something of a writer himself, I believe. Certainly he looks everything that tradition and fiction dub poetic with his long mane of crinkly golden hair, girlish face, and thin, delicate hands, adorned with numbers of exotic-looking rings. "Sem" is with us again, and is to be one of the judges of the villa gardens in a competition shortly to be held at the Plage Fleurie, which so fully deserves its name.

o

WHEN the sun is kind and shines upon us the *plage* is like some richly coloured garden. Every possible kind of elaborate bathing-costume is to be seen. Garments of pale blue *crêpe de Chine* vie with the ever-popular taffetas in every colour, with wraps that are a marvel of sartorial imagination. One little lady created a sensation the other day in a wonderful confection of black and white lace, said to emanate from the *atélier* of Captain Molyneux, the young Englishman who has made such a place for himself among the *couturiers* of Paris. But these wonderful confections are never seen within reach of the most daring and advanced sea waves. One shudders to think of the consternation in the Rue de la Paix if one of them were to be even splashed with spray!

By Peter Fraser
"TALES OF HOFFMAN"

o

AMONG the racing enthusiasts who are shortly expected here are Lady Victoria Bullock, daughter of Lord Derby, and her husband, and a large contingent of the Stanley family; Baroness d'Erlanger, who was so unlucky as to be robbed of her jewels on her way to France; Lady Furness, who, with Lord Furness, has just returned from a tour round the world; and several members of the de Rothschild family.

PETETTE

Photograph] THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA ARRIVES AT HONG-KONG [*Will Chenny*

Above is a photograph taken shortly after the landing on Blake Pier a few weeks ago. His Royal Highness is seen in the centre of the group of officers who are saluting the colours seen in the foreground of the picture

"The English Take Their Pleasures—

—Sadly!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES..

BY A.E. JOHNSON –

ILLUSTRATED by HIGGINS

No. II.—MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT

"I WANT an authoritative statement from you, Miss Nesbitt."

"About what?"

"That fourth act of '*The Grain of Mustard Seed*," which is so provokingly absent. People want to know what happens between Marjorie Corbett and Jerry Weston."

"Isn't that a question for the author?"

"Possibly. But it's quite evident that he doesn't mean to tell us. Perhaps he doesn't know! And, anyway, nobody who has seen you as Marjorie will believe that he knows as much about her as you do. So the word lies with you."

"Well, but—is there really any doubt about it? Weston's capacity for faith is proven; why should it fail him now? And in so far as the problem is Marjorie's I don't consider there is one."

"You think a girl of her type can make do with a man of his?"

"I don't like intellectual dishonesty"

"Why not? His staunchness and solidity are the very things for her to lean on, and she has reached a point where she realises that she wants someone stronger than herself. Besides, there is another point of view. Her brain is subtler than his. Can't you see the attraction of the double power she is going to wield over him?"

"Being merely male I hadn't thought of that. So it's all going to work out happily?"

"Oh, I won't say that. Not *happily* necessarily, but certainly interestingly. After all, one cannot ask more of life than that."

"You are not a sentimentalist in the theatre?"

"Nor anywhere else. I don't like intellectual dishonesty."

"I should have guessed as much from that book on your dressing table."

"Ah, Tchekoff! I am intensely interested in his plays, perhaps because I have theories of my own as to the way they ought to be presented."

"For instance?"

(*Continued on page 378*)

Three Ways to Keep Cool

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND U.S.A.

Photographs L.N.A., G.P.A., and Photo Press

These three snapshots are each redolent of sunshine and fresh air. That on the left at the top shows an energetic sand-tennis girl on the South Coast; that on the right, two daintily-clad dancers at Scarsdale, U.S.A.; and the lower picture represents a very alluring young Nicoise taking her ease with parasol upon Riviera sands

"DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES" (*concluded*)

"Well, Tchekoff's drama is in the realm of ideas. The mistake is made, as I think, of treating it as if it were the ordinary drama of action, whereas there ought to be no movement of people at all."

"How would you proceed then, if you were staging a Tchekoff play?"

"The chief, in fact the only, difficulty, would be one of casting. I should want the play talked and felt—not 'acted' in the conventional sense. There would be practically no movement, and I should demand players whose power of thinking is at least as great as their capacity for feeling. . . . I am afraid it would not be easy."

"The intellectual type is certainly further to seek than the emotional. . . . But Tchekoff apart, I take it you would like to see generally more reliance on the power of suggestion. You prefer the methods of the Abbey Theatre to those of—shall we say—Drury Lane?"

"Aren't you putting the question rather unfairly? *The Garden of Allah* in Dublin is as unthinkable as a Yeats play produced by Mr. Collins."

"Then you don't entirely despise Mr. Crummles and his 'real tubs'?"

"Not in the least! Anything which touches people's imagination is good, and if a real pump will do it, by all means let's have it, with real water pouring out of it, if you like!"

"Have you any plans for the future, Miss Nesbitt?"

"None to speak of. I prefer to take things as they come. That's the great charm to me of Repertory; endless variety and all round exercise of one's faculties."

"But you have preferences, if not ambitions?"

"Both. I love playing in Shakespeare, or any verse drama for that matter. If I have a favourite rôle perhaps it is Masefield's 'Nan.' Viola in *Twelfth Night* fascinates me, and I will confess to an ambition to play Ophelia."

"Why specially Ophelia?"

"Well, her psychology is extraordinarily interesting, and I think the tendency is to concentrate on the 'mad scene,' without giving much thought to the very illuminating dialogues between her and Hamlet. Some of her phrases explain so much of Hamlet as well as of herself. And even the supposedly 'actress-proof' mad scene is full of interesting difficulties. Here is what Mr. Shaw once remarked: 'From generation to generation actresses have in the

"Viola in 'Twelfth Night' fascinates me"

mad scene, exhausted their musical skill, their ingenuity in devising fantasias in the language of flowers, and their intensest powers of portraying anxiously earnest sanity. Mrs. Patrick Campbell . . . does the right thing by making Ophelia really *mad*. . . . Playgoers naturally murmur when something that has always been pretty becomes painful, but the pain is good for them, good for the theatre, and good for the play.'"

"How did you enjoy *The Duchess of Malfi*?"

"Immensely. The Elizabethans give one glorious stuff; one can really let oneself go."

"*Ore rotundo*?"

"Oh, not merely in speech. They are so splendidly vital, so full-blooded, so human, so——"

"Anti-sentimental?"

"Decidedly that! . . . But, you know, women have been very parsimoniously treated by dramatists. There is no great rôle for them like 'Hamlet' for men."

"Not even among the modern authors?"

"Not of the standard I was thinking of. Of course, there are some parts that are great, if not of the superlative magnitude. There is D'Annunzio's 'Jocunda,' if you have the fire and passion it requires. . . . And there is certainly 'Marthe' in Paul Claudel's *Exchange*."

"I must confess ignorance. Please tell me."

"Claudel's play contains an exceedingly subtle study of a simple woman,—very, very simple, but as much fundamental woman as Hamlet is fundamental man: an embodiment of woman's passive instinct. She stands for the destiny of woman to accept as Hamlet for man's to revolt. It is a very great part to play."

"I don't fancy I need ask whether you consider women should attempt male rôles."

"Surely it's self-evident folly. The better they do it, the worse they are!"

"A deadly criticism. . . . To revert, before I go, to the topic with which we started. I am to say, as from Marjorie herself, that the destiny before Marjorie and Weston is a joint one—in short, that they live happily—no, interestingly—ever afterwards?"

"Have you any doubts?"

"Personally, none. But there *are* sceptics."

"Well, it's a matter of opinion, perhaps, though I hardly think so. You should tell your sceptics to forego for once their favourite pinch of salt and try some other condiment."

"Can you suggest one?"

"Easily—a grain of mustard seed!"

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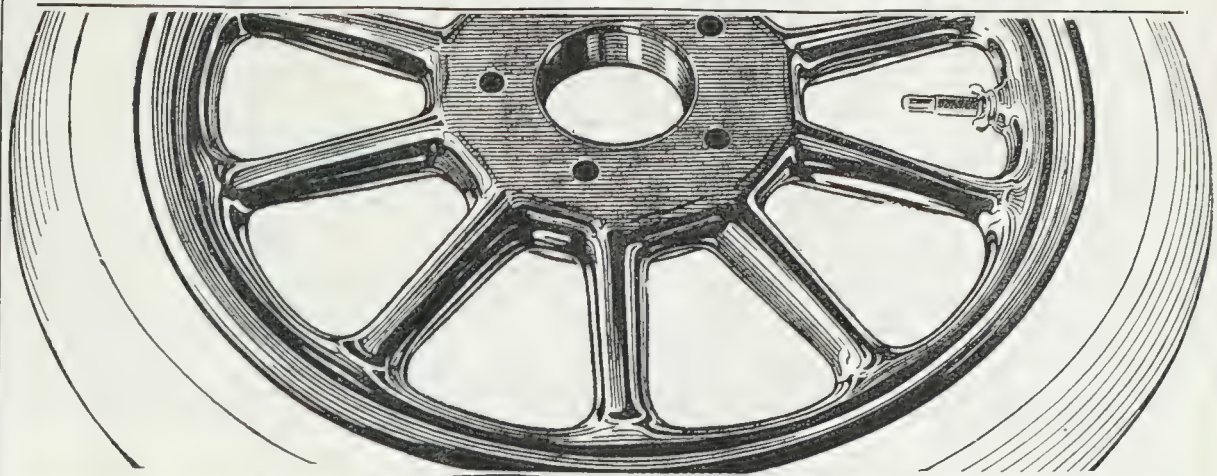

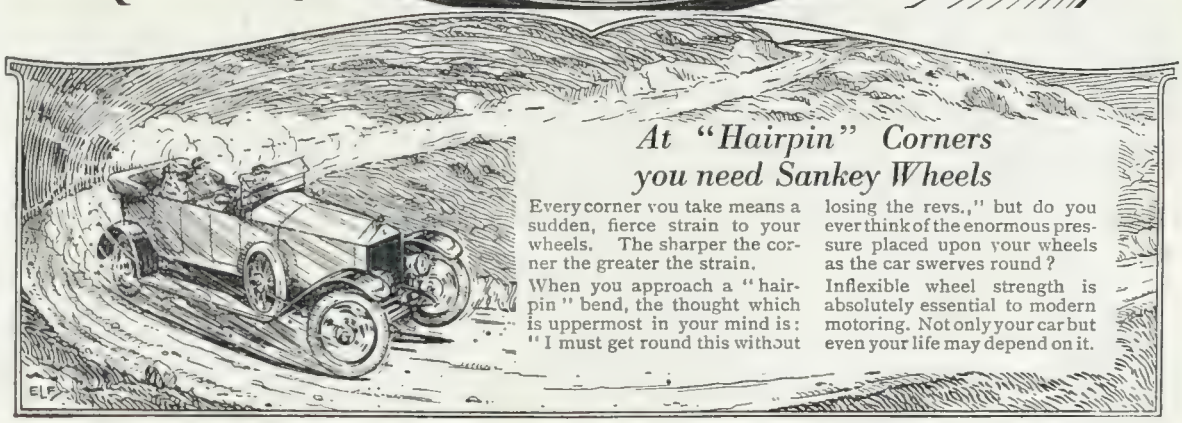

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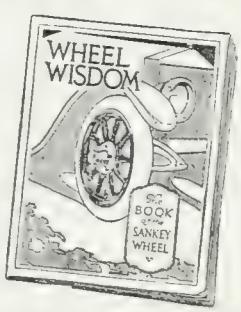

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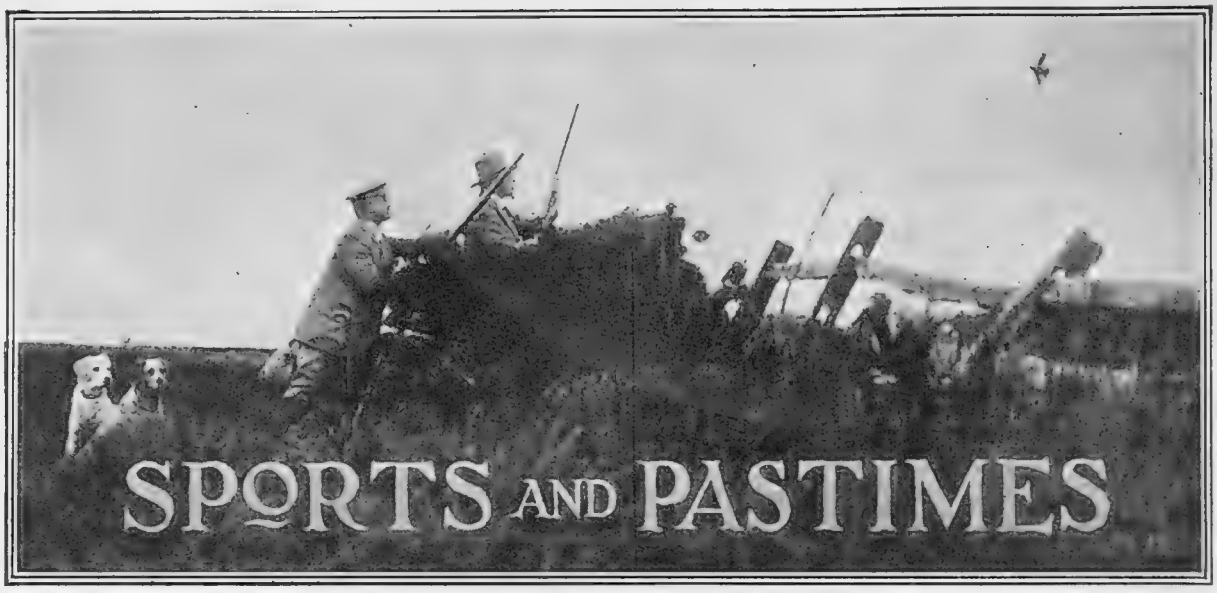


Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

GROUSE SHOOTING COMMENCES AUGUST 12: A SCENE ON THE MOORS

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

"Muddling Through"

In spite of the repeated appeals by the British Olympic Council, letters to the papers by influential people, and so forth, our team of athletes for the Olympic Games at Antwerp has been just as much handicapped in the matter of funds for equipment and training as the team which went to Stockholm in 1912. If anything, I should say they are worse off in this respect than their predecessors. This, of course, adds to the merit of any successes they may happen to have achieved, but, at the same time, it raises the question whether it would not be better for this country in future to cease to be represented at the Olympic Games unless its athletes can be placed in a position to do real justice to themselves and to the nation in competition against athletes who, in many instances, enjoy the advantage of a Government subsidy—a thing which the British Government does not "run to." The day when the British Empire can "muddle through" in athletics against odds and yet come out on top has, of course, long since gone by.

The English Point of View

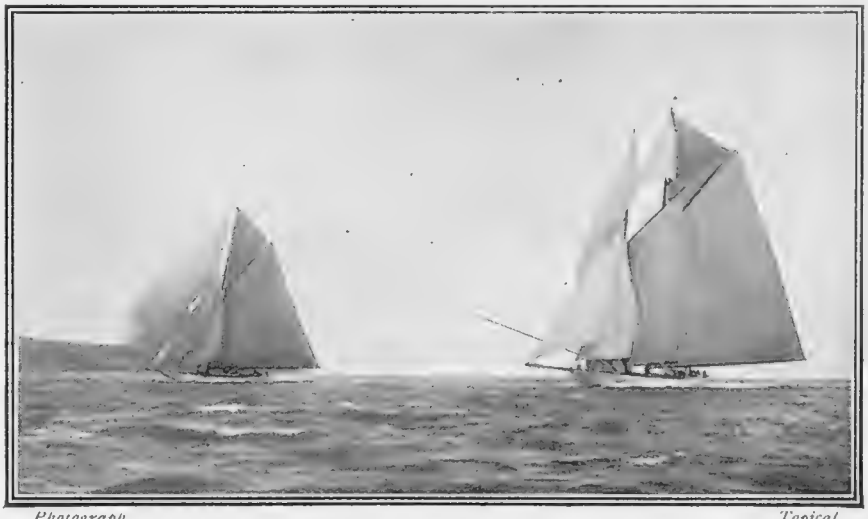
Various reasons have been assigned for the undoubted fact that the Olympic Games do not appeal in any marked degree to the average Englishman. It has been suggested, for instance, by some, that the games are not compatible with amateurism in the sense in which the term is understood in this country, and by others that our regular annual programme of events, both national and international, is not only sufficient for our needs, but as much as we can conveniently tackle, so that we are not inclined for, or capable of, the extra effort (involving, among other things, the raising of voluntary subscriptions) which we are called upon to make every four years. Others, again, point out that many of the contests are contests to which Englishmen have never given, and never will give, much thought, and so on. Probably there is something in all these different contentions. They may, perhaps, be summed up by saying that the games do not fulfil the British conception of sport. In other words, the International Olympic Committee have allowed political influence to be brought to bear upon the conduct of their affairs, and have not realised the importance of limiting the extent to which success may be made dependent on financial backing.

ROWING

The Oldest Rowing Trophy

The origin of the race which was revived last week between watermen of the Thames for Doggett's Coat and Badge is interesting in view of the present high cost of transport. Thomas Doggett, who instituted the race, about a couple of hundred years ago was not, as one might imagine, a shining light of the rowing world,

(*Continued on page 384*)



Photograph *Topical*

MR. C. C. HATRY'S "WESTWARD" AND MRS. E. R. WORKMAN'S "NYRIA"

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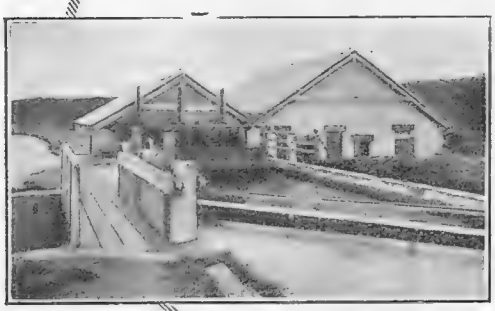

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Lord's Schools *v.* The Rest

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

This always interesting match was played last week at Lord's and ended in a fairly even draw, the balance being slightly in favour of The Rest, who had declared in the second innings with seven wickets down, leaving the Lord's Schools to get 128 runs to win in an hour and a half. They got 94 runs for 6 wickets. Hewetson, of Shrewsbury, for The Rest, took 9 wickets for 33 runs in the first innings

but an actor and a "patentee" of Drury Lane Theatre. In those days numbers of people went to the play by river, because watermen's charges were very much lower than those of the hackney coachmen or the sedan chairmen. Consequently there was a sort of bond of union between the watermen of the Thames and those who were interested in things theatrical, which Doggett endeavoured to cement still more firmly by instituting a contest for "jolly young watermen."

A Record Established

As the contest has been in abeyance during the War it was arranged to hold a series of races for watermen qualified to row for the coat and badge in each of the six years which have elapsed since 1914, the course being (as it always has been) from London Bridge to Chelsea. The most interesting race (on the first day, Tuesday) was that which was nominally the 1916 race, for it produced one of the most exciting finishes in the annals of the contest between F. W. Pearce, of Hammersmith, and M. Smith, of Twickenham, the former only winning by three-quarters of a length. By so doing, however, he created a record, for he is the son of F. Pearce who won the race in 1894, and this was the first time in the 200 odd years of the contest's existence that it has been won by the son of a previous winner.

Photograph *Sport and General*

F. W. PEARCE, OF HAMMERSMITH

Winner of the "1916 race" for the Doggett's Coat and Badge, which took place on the Thames last week between London Bridge and Chelsea. Pearce's father won the race in 1894. No Doggett's race was held between 1914 and 1919, and six races were therefore rowed in order to "get level"

"Keeping It In The Family"

He did not remain long in sole possession of this record, however, for on the following day, in the 1919 race, T. E. Phelps, of Putney, a son of Charles Phelps, the winner in 1884, was the winner, after a great tussle with C. J. Cordery, another son of a former winner, also of Putney. It is really rather remarkable that the race had never been won by the son of a badge-holder before last week, for the cult of the riverside runs in families. H. S. S.

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THE DEVASTATING VIRTUE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

OCCASIONALLY in life some of us may imagine that we have a new affinity. And if we are clever we eventually discover the inevitable homicidal or suicidal instinct.

At the moment I possess a spiritual affinity with George Washington.

Truth is my playfellow . . . amusing, exhilarating, ruthless and devastating. A wonderful fire to play with.

By flaunting the challenge of Truth one takes the most exciting gamble in life. For in confounding others one must take the risk of damning oneself or reigning supreme.

Against the cold steel of Truth the flimsy shield of Hypocrisy is helpless. Yet in these "cultured" twentieth century days only the few are brave enough to speak it or to live it.

Politically Truth has ceased to exist . . . if, at any time, it ever did exist.

Socially the fabric of society is so thin, it can never bear the weight of Truth, so it carries the Lies that are as transparent as "my lady's dress."

I write Truth because it is the only way in which I can write. And just because Truth is unusual it appears original.

In my personal life, when I speak it, regardlessly . . torrentially, the shock is electrifying, and the effects are amazing . . . and sometimes disastrous.

Yet although Truth has its crudity, although it may offend delicacy, it is majestic in its strength.

And when one is completely triumphant in Truth, one will achieve as the reward . . . a splendid isolation.

* * * * * * * * * *

I had intended to write about the high cost of clothes . . . quite an important subject now . . . but got carried away with a thought more vital.

But I will make a statement of Truth, which will sound like a colossal lie. It is a cold commercial statement, so the uncommercial minds should not squander time in reading it.

The prices charged by this House read high, but they are ridiculously low. Nearly every suit sold to-day is sold at prices below the present market cost to *produce*.

I am no longer an altruist, and do not pose as a philanthropist. The only reason the prices here are at all sane is that most of the stock was bought nearly a year ago, and since then materials have advanced nearly 100 per cent. If these materials were bought now it would not be possible to sell a good suit under twenty guineas.

* * * * * * * * * *

I loathe such mad prices, but nowadays, everything and everybody seems mad . . . including possibly myself . . . a possibility that does not appal me, for if I were completely sane I should be entirely stupid.

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RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

A Fortunate Novice

MR. W. E. WHINERAY, who caught "The Tout's" roving eye at Goodwood, is clearly enjoying novice's luck. And, being a shrewd, hard-headed man of the North, the luck may follow him far out of the novitiate stage. He was fortunate to be associated with Mr. H. L. Cottrill when that able trainer left Foxhill and started on his own account at Lambourn, for it so happened that the chance then occurred of buying the two-year-old Leighton. The colt had done so well in his gallops that Cottrill had no hesitation in commending him to Mr. Whineray.

A Smart Two-Year-Old

A BIG price was asked, but his present owner is delighted with his bargain. And well he may be, seeing that Leighton has already got back a considerable part of his purchase money, and looks like going through the season unbeaten. Indeed, he is reckoned by many to be the best of his age. Western Wave, of course, was another great bargain for Mr. Whineray, who will have very pleasurable recollections of his first year as an owner.

A Glance at the St. Leger

THE St. Leger will soon become a topic of conversation among racegoers. The wet summer will prove of advantage to trainers, and we should not have so many horses stumped up during their St. Leger preparations as is the case in dry seasons. A few weeks ago Spion Kop was said to be "under suspicion," but he is at work again, and I do not gather that there is anything radically wrong with him. The fact is that Mr. Gilpin put the Derby winner on a course of physic after his return from Paris, and the colt did no work for a time. I expect he will be very much alive in the St. Leger field.

Archaic

I HOPE that Archaic, who has now returned to Newmarket after his "holiday" at Whatcombe, will go on all right, for the prospect of a renewal of his Epsom rivalry with Spion Kop on the Town Moor is entrancing. Lord Derby's colt was undoubtedly very sorry for himself after his effort in the Derby, and I do not think he had fully recovered when we saw him at Liverpool last month. It was a good job that a declaration to win was made on Lord Derby's behalf at Aintree, for it was clear to all observers that his stable companion, Crevasse, could have beaten him there. Fortunately, Mr. Lambton has a good chance of getting him round in time for Doncaster. In glancing at the St. Leger prospects we must not overlook the chances of Black Gauntlet, a big-striding colt who appeared to possess stamina.

The Northern Circuit

I GENERALLY try to get North for the full circuit of the Northern meetings—Redcar, Stockton, York, and Doncaster. This week I hope to be at Redcar, where the racecourse is close to the seashore, and where huge holiday crowds foregather from Middlesborough and other big Yorkshire towns. This week's Redcar programme shows that the management mean to march with the times. On Thursday the Redcar Handicap will be worth £1,100. Lord Zetland's colours always have a big following here, so you may be sure that **Pomme de Terre** will be well backed by the locals in spite of his weight. I think his good class will pull him through.

By "THE TOUT"

MR. WHINERAY AND WHALLEY

The latter is describing how he won the Stewards' Cup on Western Wave. Mr Whineray is a new Turf patron and hails from Lancashire. His horses are trained by the successful Cottrill

Kempton and Windsor

SOUTHERN racegoers will be at Kempton Park on Tuesday and Wednesday. The Greenwood Welter will make a neat puzzle for backers on the opening day. **Grandcourt** may be the winner. Some of the Stewards' Cup horses can meet again in the Princess Welter on the following day. **Tetrameter**—not to be confused with the famous grey in the same stable—ran extremely well for five furlongs at Goodwood, and may win. I shall take **Aclare** to win the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate. At Windsor on Friday the Castle Handicap may go to **Daphne**, while on the second day **Double Bed** seems to have a chance in the Windsor Summer Handicap.

Sir James Barrie

says :

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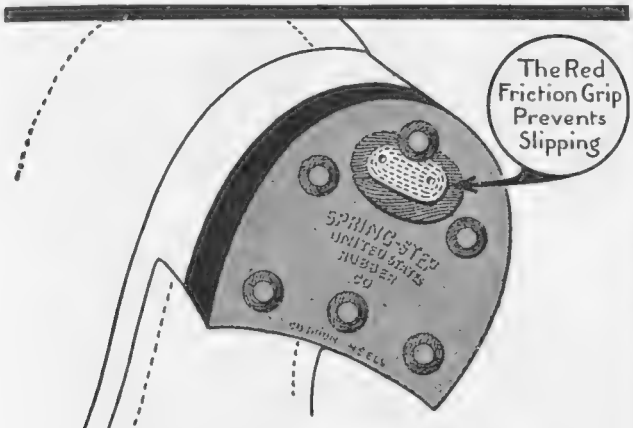

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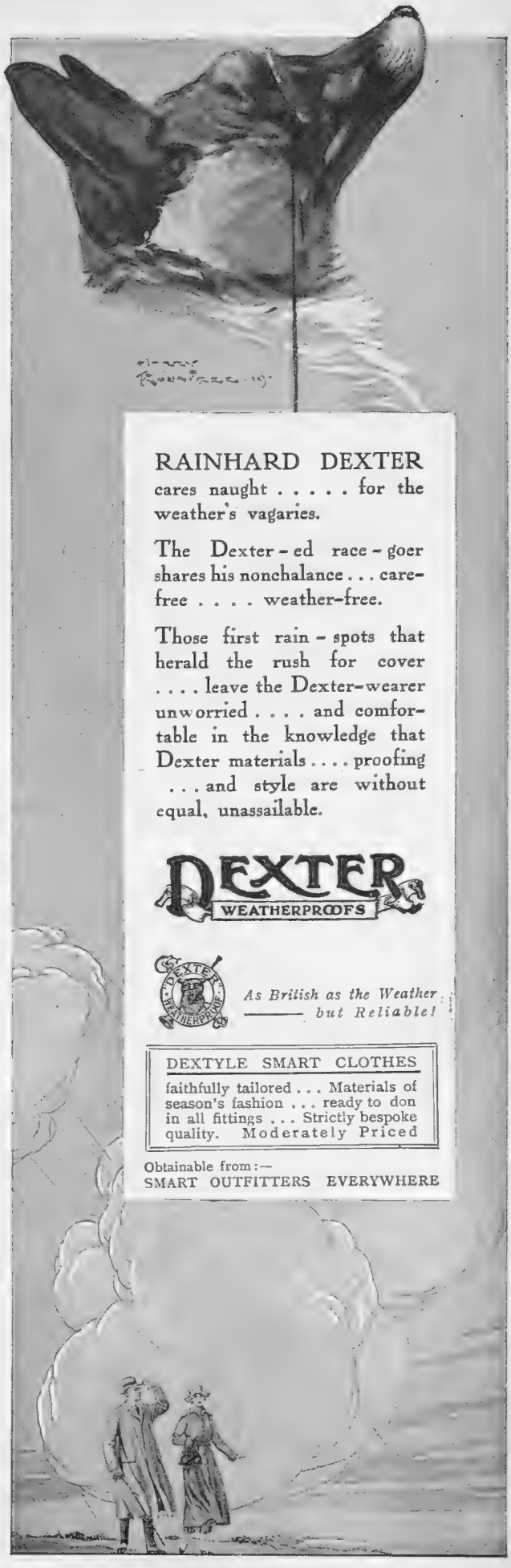

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

NOVEL NUMBER THREE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. GREY

(*Done after the very latest fashion in This Sort of Thing*)

I

He Dined With Me Last Night

The afternoon edition of the *Metropolitan Planet* was going to press. Five thousand copies a minute were reeling off its giant cylinders. A square acre of paper was passing through its presses every hour. In the huge *Planet* building which dominated Broadway, employees, compositors, reporters, advertisers, surged to and fro. Placed in a single line (only, of course, they wouldn't be likely to consent to it) they would have reached across Manhattan Island. Placed in two lines, they would probably have reached twice as far. Arranged in a procession hey would have taken an hour in passing a saloon: easily that.

In the whole vast building all was uproar. Telephones, megaphones, and gramophones were ringing throughout the building. Elevators flew up and down, stopping nowhere.

Only in one place was quiet—namely, in the room where sat the big man on whose capacious intellect the whole organisation depended.

Masterman Throgton, the general manager of the *Planet*, was a man in middle life. There was something in his massive frame which suggested massiveness, and a certain quality in the poise of his great head which indicated a balanced intellect. His face was impenetrable and his expression imponderable.

The big chief was sitting in his swivel chair with ink all round him. Through this man's great brain passed all the threads and filaments that held the news of a continent. Snap one, and the whole continent would stop.

At the moment when our story opens (there was no sense in opening it sooner), a written message had just been handed in.

The Chief read it. He seemed to grasp its contents in a flash.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. It was the strongest expression that this solid, self-contained, semi-detached man ever allowed himself. Anything stronger would have seemed too near to profanity.

"Good God!" he repeated, "Kivas Kelly murdered! In his own home! Why, he dined with me last night! I drove him home!"

For a brief moment the big man remained plunged in thought. But with Throgton the moment of musing was short. His instinct was to *act*.

"You may go," he said to the messenger. Then he seized the telephone that stood beside him (this man could telephone almost without stopping thinking), and spoke into it in quiet measured tones, without wasting a word.

"Hullo! operator, put me through to two, two, two, two, two. Is that two, two, two, two, two? Hullo! two, two, two, two, two; I want Transome Kent. Kent speaking? Kent, this is Throgton speaking. Kent, a murder has been committed at the Kelly residence, Riverside Drive. I want you to go and cover it. Get it all. Don't spare expense. The *Planet* is behind you. Have you got car-fare? Right."

In another moment the big chief had turned round in his swivel chair (at least forty degrees), and was reading telegraphic despatches from Jerusalem. That was the way he did things.

II

I Must Save Her Life

Within a few minutes Transome Kent had leapt into a car (a surface car) and was speeding north towards Riverside Drive with the full power of the car. As

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

he passed uptown a newsboy was already calling, "Club Man Murdered! Another Club Man Murdered!" Carelessly throwing a cent to the boy, Kent purchased a paper and read the brief notice of the tragedy.

Kivas Kelly, a well-known club-man and *bon vivant*, had been found dead in his residence on Riverside Drive, with every indication—or, at least, with a whole lot of indications—of murder. The unhappy club-man had been found, fully dressed in his evening clothes, lying on his back on the floor of the billiard-room with his feet stuck up on the edge of the table. A narrow black scarf, presumably his evening tie, was twisted tightly about his neck by means of a billiard cue inserted in it. There was a quiet smile upon his face. He had apparently died from strangulation. A couple of bullet holes passed through his body, one on each side, but they went out again. His suspenders were burst at the back. His hands were folded across his chest. One of them still held a white billiard ball. There was no sign of a struggle or of any disturbance in the room. A square piece of cloth was missing from the victim's dinner-jacket.

In its editorial columns the same paper discussed the more general aspects of the murder. This, it said, was the third club-man murdered in the last fortnight. While not taking an alarmist view, the paper felt that the killing of club-men had got to stop. There was a limit, a reasonable limit, to everything. Why should a club-man be killed? It might be asked, why should a club-man live? But this was hardly to the point. They do live. After all, to be fair, what does a club-man ask of society? Not much. Merely wine, women and singing. Why not let him have them? Is it fair to kill him? Does the gain to literature outweigh the social wrong? The writer estimated that at the rate of killing now going on, the club-men would be all destroyed in another generation. Something should be done to conserve them.

Transome Kent was not a detective. He was a reporter. After sweeping everything at Harvard in front of him, and then behind him, he had joined the staff of the *Planet* two months before. His rise had been phenomenal. In his first week of work he had unravelled a mystery, in his second he had unearthed a packing scandal which had poisoned the food of the entire nation for ten years, and in his third he had pitilessly exposed some of the best and most respectable people in the metropolis.

"Groups of morbid curiosity-seekers"

Kent's work on the *Planet* consisted now almost exclusively of unravelling and unearthing, and it was natural that the manager should turn to him.

The mansion was a handsome sandstone residence, standing in its own grounds. On Kent's arrival he found that the police had already drawn a cordon around it with cords. Groups of morbid curiosity-seekers hung about in twos and threes, some of them in fours and fives. Policemen were leaning against the fence in all directions. They wore that baffled look so common to the detective force of the metropolis. "It seems to me," remarked one of them to the man beside him, "that there is an inexorable chain of logic about this that I am unable to follow." "So do I," said the other.

The Chief Inspector of the Detective Department, a large, heavy-looking man, was standing beside a gate post. He nodded gloomily to Transome Kent.

"Are you baffled, Edwards?" asked Kent.

"Baffled again, Mr. Kent," said the Inspector, with a sob in his voice. "I thought I could have solved this one, but I can't."

He passed a handkerchief across his eyes.

"Have a cigar, Chief," said Kent, "and let me hear what the trouble is."

The Inspector brightened. Like all policemen, he was simply crazy over cigars. "All right, Mr. Kent," he said, "wait till I chase away the morbid curiosity-seekers."

He threw a stick at them.

"Now then," continued Kent, "what about tracks, footmarks; had you thought of them?"

"Yes, first thing. The whole lawn is covered with them, all stamped down. Look at these, for instance. These are the tracks of a man with a wooden leg,"—Kent nodded—"in all probability a sailor, newly landed from Java, carrying a Singapore walking stick, and with a tin whistle tied round his belt."

"Yes, I see that," said Kent, thoughtfully. "The weight of the whistle weighs him down a little on the right side."

"Do you think, Mr. Kent, a sailor from Java with a wooden leg would commit a murder like this?" asked the Inspector, eagerly. "Would he do it?"

"He would," said the Investigator. "They generally do—as soon as they land."

The Inspector nodded. "And look at these marks here, Mr. Kent. You recognise them, surely—those

(Continued on page 392)

ROLLS-ROYCE

"THE NEW CAR SIMPLY ENCHANTS ONE!"

THE above statement is taken from a letter which we reproduce in full below. This letter is written by a private owner with a wide experience of pre-war Rolls-Royce Cars, extending over several years. The original letter may be seen at our showrooms. Ref. No. 410.

June 30th, 1920.

"I write to say ***how very much pleased I am with the new car; it is a great improvement on the old car, and I thought the old one perfection. The new car simply enchants one: the extreme silence, engine flexibility, quick acceleration, and perfect springing cannot be too highly praised; also the self-starter, like the car, is perfect.***

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

are the footsteps of a barkeeper out of employment, waiting for the eighteenth amendment to pass away—see how deeply they sink in——"

"Yes," said Kent, "he'd commit murder."

"There are lots more," continued the Inspector, "but they're no good. The morbid curiosity-seekers were walking all over this place while we were drawing the cordon round it."

"Stop a bit," said Kent, pausing to think a moment., "what about thumb prints?"

"Thumb prints!" said the Inspector, "don't mention them. The house is full of them."

"Any thumb-prints of Italians with that peculiar incurvature of the ball of the thumb that denotes a Sicilian brigand?"

"There were three of those," said Inspector Edwards gloomily. "No, Mr. Kent, the thumb stuff is no good."

Kent thought again.

"Inspector," he said, "what about mysterious women? Have you seen any around?"

"Four went by this morning," said the Inspector, "one at eleven-thirty, one at twelve-thirty, and two together at one-thirty. At least," he added, sadly, "I think they were mysterious. All women look mysterious to me."

"I must try in another direction," said Kent. "Let me reconstruct the whole thing. I must weave a chain of analysis. Kivas Kelly was a bachelor, was he not?"

"He was. He lived alone here."

"Very good. I suppose he had in his employ a butler who had been with him for twenty years."

Edwards nodded.

"I suppose you've arrested him?"

"At once," said the Inspector. "We always arrest the butler, Mr. Kent. They expect it. In fact, this man, Williams, gave himself up at once."

"And let me see," continued the Investigator. "I presume there was a housekeeper, who lived on the top floor, and who had been stone deaf for ten years?"

"Precisely."

"She had heard nothing during the murder?"

"Not a thing. But this may have been on account of her deafness."

"True, true," murmured Kent. "And I suppose there was a coachman, a thoroughly reliable man, who lived with his wife at the back of the house——."

"But who had taken his wife over to see a relation on the night of the murder, and who did not return until an advanced hour. Mr. Kent, we've been all over that. There's nothing in it."

"Were there any other persons belonging to the establishment?"

"There was Mr. Kelly's stenographer, Alice Delary, but she only came in the mornings."

"Have you seen her?" asked Kent, eagerly. "What is she like?"

"I have seen her," said the Inspector; "she's a looloo."

"Ha!" said Kent, "a looloo!" The two men looked into one another's eyes.

"Yes," repeated Edwards, thoughtfully, "a peach."

A sudden swift flash of intuition, an inspiration, leapt into the young reporter's brain.

This girl, this peach, at all hazards he must save her life.

(To be continued next week)

They Prolong Tyre Life!

Few tyre users realise that the life of a tyre depends to a very large extent on the quality of the inner tube. Yet such is the case, for the inner tube is to the cover what sound lungs and heart are to the human being. The service of a cover depends largely on the ability of the tube to carry air under every condition of travel.

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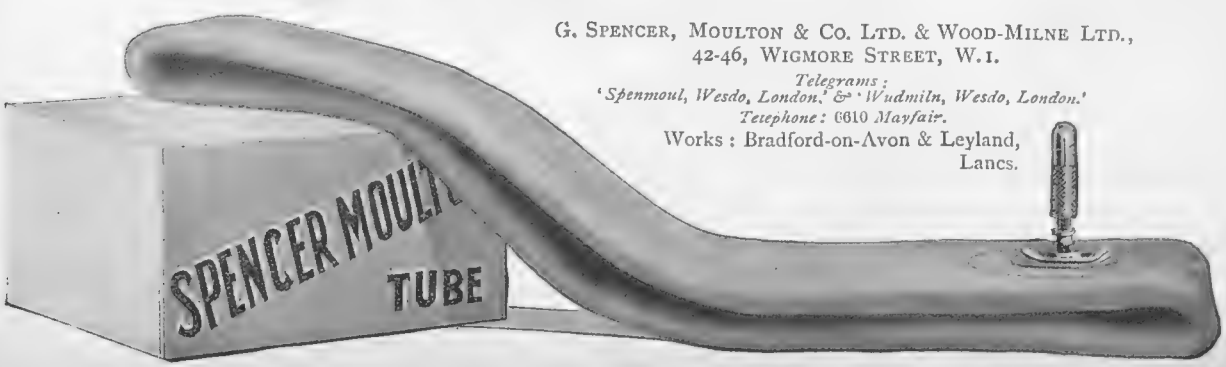

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CARS AND TRACTORS

ORDERS

for "Austin Twenty" Cars, Farm Tractors and spares now amount to

£13,000,000

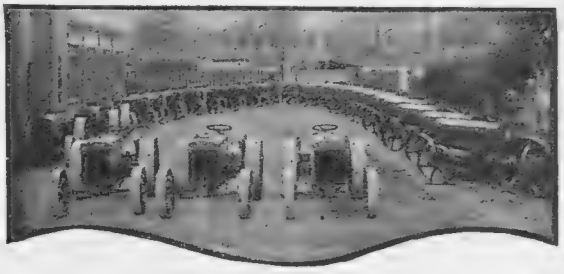
PRODUCTION

is going steadily ahead, and has now reached the level of

230 per week

finished motor vehicles.

These photographs show a small portion of one week's output of "Austin Twenty" cars and tractors drawn up in the yard of the South Works of the great Austin factory town, just prior to delivery to agents



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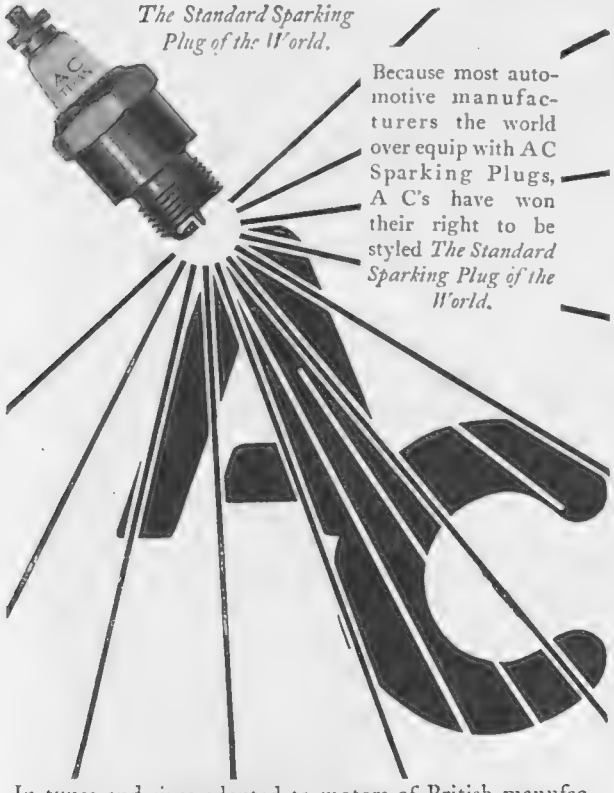

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The King of Denmark has honoured Sizaire-Berwick Ltd by ordering a

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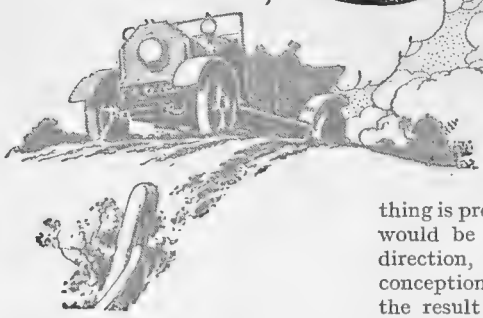


SUMMER holidays, hill-climbing competitions, the Aerial Derby, and August Bank Holiday with its racing at Brooklands, have all reminded us that the motoring year is nearing its close. For after September all new cars will be styled 1921 models. As for novelties, new designs and all the rest of it, I for one intend to tackle them as soon as they happen so as not to leave five hundred odd cars to be dealt with in a group. Hence I make no apologies for telling my friends that the 1920 Standard 9.5 h.p. two-seater is going to be a 11.5 h.p. four-seater car for 1921, with a bigger engine and chassis strengthened to carry the extra load, but otherwise on the lines of the present small bus. It will cost more money, of course, but it can carry a bigger load, or, if as a two-seater, will be able to travel a bit faster on the road than the present popular model.

* *

THOSE people who want a good stout car that will give fair service for medium loads and carry them over the ground at reasonable speeds might do worse than book one up early, and then they need not worry any more about what else they might have bought. I hope to make a similar remark on many more of the new models as they come along, but I am determined to make no recommendations on any motor vehicle that is not in a position to be delivered to the purchaser within a reasonable time after the order is given as no more of the deposit swindle thank you. Readers of these notes can rest assured that—let press agents sing ever so sweetly, be as hospitable as Lucullus or as 'cute as the Bing Boys—"nuffin doing" unless the factory is in full swing.

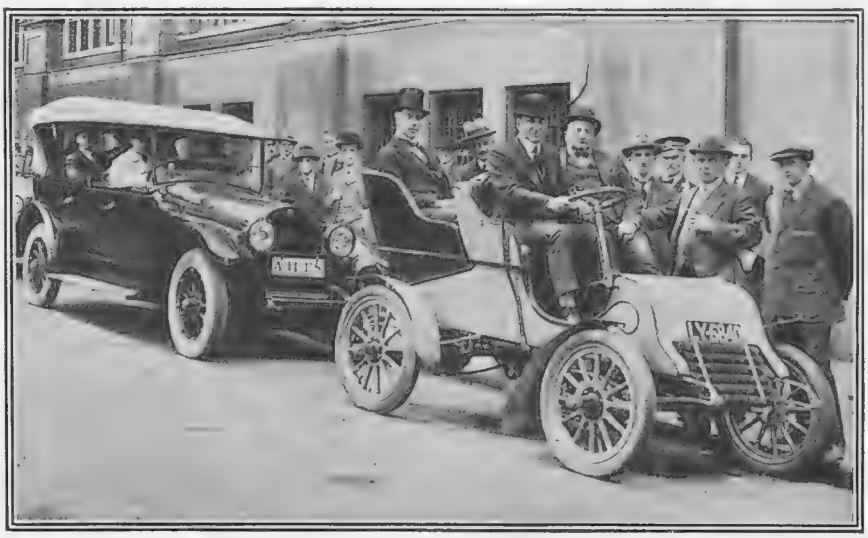
* *

AT certain intervals new gears for cars and other machinery crop up like comets. Some are heard of again, others seem to disappear into space and eternity. I always wonder when I am asked to inspect such inventions or adaptions or modifications what their ultimate fate will be, and, somehow or other, never can make up my mind for often something is produced for one objective, and would be a splendid help in another direction, but little use in its original conception. These blatherings are the result of seeing the Healey gear, the sole British rights of which have been acquired by the British Universal Variable Gears, Ltd. Primarily designed for machine tools, it is going to be applied to a motor-car as an experiment, with the hope that it will be so successful that manufacturers will clamour to fit it on their products. It is a form of chain-driven expanding pulleys, only in cone form, and so arranged that the pitch of the teeth on the chain and sprockets are correct in every variety of position of the contracting or expanding pulleys which prevents the chain over-riding, and is always giving or taking the full load. At present it has been made to gear ratios from one to nine, with as many in between these limits as positions one chooses to place the lever that alters the ratios of the sprockets. It seems simple and little to get out of order, and when it gets into a car it will be easier to judge its practical working. It worked alright as far as quickness of action in varying speeds, driving several machine tools off an electrical motor, and as infinite variable gears, without undue loss in friction or being too heavy, are the desire of motorists and other users of machinery, this Healey gear should find useful application somewhere. Works are going to be established to produce them, for at present the few gears made to demonstrate with are by "hand" and not factory methods.

* *

I HOPE everybody who is now thinking of holidays will send Mr. H. E. Perrin, the secretary, a small contribution to the Flying Services Fund administered by the Royal Aero Club, 3 Clifford Street, W.1., for the benefit of officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Air Force who are incapacitated while on duty, and for the widows and dependants of those who are killed or die from injuries or illness contracted on duty. The Duke of York is the chairman, and is so in fact, as he does attend the meetings. Also I regret to say our airmen do have mishaps on duty though we are supposed to be at peace with everybody. Between ourselves I think they are fighting in some seven different parts of the world, leave alone ordinary patrol work. The total subscriptions up to July 20 amounted to £17,138 10s. 2d., and my old friend, Lord Kinnaird, the hon. treasurer, tells me the demands on the funds are such that ten times this amount is needed. Anyway, I do hope that everybody who is enjoying themselves will try and send something; no sum is too small and no sum can be too great. With a margin so wide I look hopefully to see results which will be publicly acknowledged by yours truly if THE BYSTANDER is mentioned when sending the donation.

OLD HY.



AN INTERESTING COMPARISON IN THE OLD AND NEW

A single cylinder Cadillac of 1903 standing in front of the new eight-cylinder Cadillac of 1920 outside the Savoy Hotel

The Albert

THE ALL-BRITISH LIGHT CAR WITH A LIFE-LONG SERVICE

THE 11.9 h.p. Albert is designed and manufactured in accordance with definite ideals of usefulness, beauty, and of mechanical excellence. The Albert's whole execution is, at the same time, intensely practical. The particular needs of the great mass of the motoring public—the owner-driver, the Lady Motorist, the Doctor, the professional and business man—have been carefully studied and provided for. Riding comfort, ease of control, accessibility and simplicity of chassis construction, ample power and strength, speed and extreme lightness, allied with economy in running costs, are among those Albert advantages which make so strong an appeal to every class of motorist. The Albert carries the entire range of high-grade features which denote the car *de luxe*.

A Service which means more than a Guarantee

The Albert Service is a fitting complement to such a car. Service Depots will be established at suitable locations throughout the country, staffed with specially trained mechanics whose function will be to render expert technical assistance to Albert owners. They will undertake full periodic mechanical inspections of Albert Cars, and will be ready at all times to give advice on tuning, adjustment, and any matter concerning the efficient running of every Albert Car throughout its life.

THE 11.9 h.p. ALBERT IS MANUFACTURED BY GWYNNE'S ENGINEERING CO., LTD., CHISWICK, OF CLERGET ROTARY AERO ENGINE FAME.

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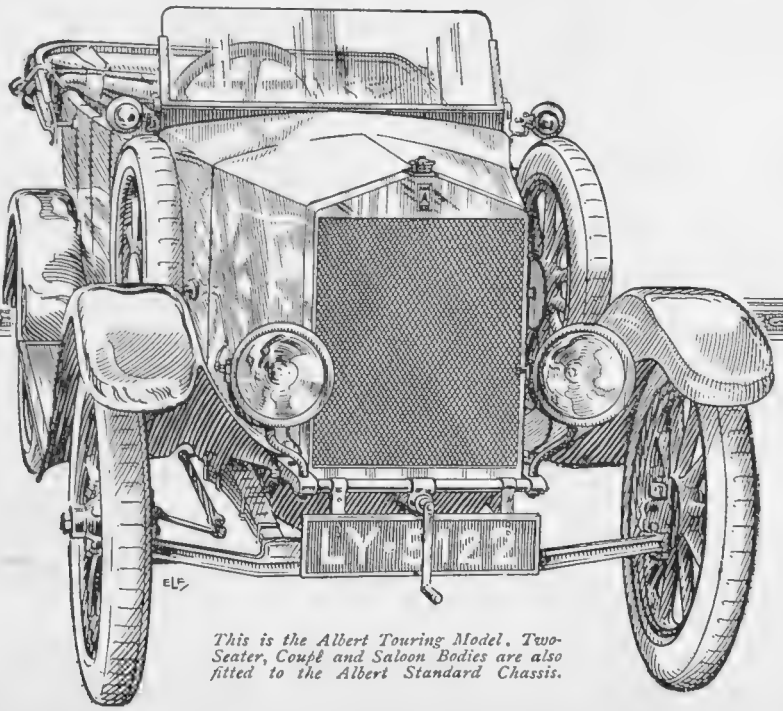


This is the Albert Touring Model. Two-Seater, Coupé and Saloon Bodies are also fitted to the Albert Standard Chassis.

Femina

THE BRAIN WAVE

NOT such a very long time ago, if God gave a woman a clever brain, man gave her the cold shoulder, so to be called intelligent frightened a girl dreadfully. She would implore you not to give her away, as, if it got generally known, it was likely to wreck her life. "There is," she would murmur truthfully, "no glamour in intelligence; it merely suggests tortoiseshell spectacles and woollen undies."

HAPPILY, however, a remarkable change has taken place—almost imperceptibly. There is in the modish world of to-day an unmistakable Brain Wave. Girls are no longer expected to be nothing more than "nice," and the creed that men do not care for clever women has, in countless cases, been given the lie. Man has discovered that a woman can possess brains and yet prove far more of a torment and delight than the ordinary pretty-pretty girl, who tries (and fails) to grow a haunting face on a soil made up entirely of outdoor exercise and *crêpe de Chine*.

ONCE it was thought that brains in women must necessarily go with a lean, hungry expression, and a hand the size of the Albert Hall. The advent of High Schools had something to do with it, of course. But since then Time has released the passing years to such good effect that the truly up-to-date brainy maiden has been able to squash this horrid idea good and hard, principally by a vigilant care for freshness, finish and grace. She is no longer treated with scorn by her fluffy, frivolous sister, but, on the contrary, is looked upon as a decidedly dangerous rival! We all know the girl who is not pretty, never was, never will be, only she makes you think she is. That's her brains. The brainy girl who has an instinct for the art of life knows that no one can see what is inside your head, but everyone beholds your hat, and rates you according to the quality and correct shape of it. She, therefore, hurries to a clever "hattist," and has her instant and gratifying reward. To-day, more than ever before, beauty quite alone, without a dash of brains and a touch of personality does not really count for much, and a clever girl need not take a back seat because she hasn't a Grecian profile. She has, hasn't she, that most important feature in anyone, the tongue? It is ready for all emergencies—cajole, coax, blarney, anything, everything! And it is the only feature that improves with keeping. Oh, yes, sure it is that Heaven keeps an unlimited number of compensations up its blue and golden sleeve!

ALL the same, says a masculine reader, I, for my part, vote for the dear little fool, every time. Certainly, and no one could blame him for so doing, and I'll tell you "for why." Three parts of the dear little fools in this world are clever women, who never for a moment allow their attractive little masks to slip aside. IRENE HARRISON.

BY NORMAN KEENE

"She, therefore hurries to a clever hattist'"

The Simple Note in Two New Evening Frocks from Paris

A NAVY SATIN GOWN
Trimmed with silk blue and white flowered embroidery

Model, Bernard
Photograph, Talma

AN EVENING FROCK
Of black charmeuse, bodice and skirt trimmed with black sequins. The skirt is trimmed at the sides with tulle flounces

Photograph, Henri Manuel

Exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

By MRS. JACK MAY

Holiday Clothes

BACK to the land and sea, and simple life of sorts, the poor fashion chronicler has to face a situation tantamount to the Biblical one of making bricks without straw. It is a dull and stale moment in the realm of modes, the only really busy fraternity being the country sports tailors, who, with a fair field in front, are making the very most of the moment that lies before them. That they never had finer opportunities they are well aware, alike in materials and styles. Boldness of design and colouring characterise the majority of homespuns, friezes and tweeds, destined for moor and country suits generally. Big checks and wide stripes in several contrasting colours tend to a gay note long absent from these particular *tailleurs*.

A self-toned coat with a fancifully patterned skirt or whole costume of the latter, tempered by a waistcoat of the self shade, are accorded equal favour. While the accordion and flat pleated skirts go on their way rejoicing. Although many of these country coats are belted, the straight cut is slowly, perhaps, but very surely, disappearing, in favour of a more shapely fitted style. However, at this very early date it behoves us to go carefully, since that which is to-day may be gone to-morrow, and no woman can say with conviction what she will wear until the momentarily closed doors of Paris are flung open.

Dressing the Personality

ONE thing, though, is certain. And that is the more careful study and understanding of the individual. The thin end of this wedge has already been securely got in. We are through completely, and, one hopes, irrevocably, with with *ingénue* modes, except, of course, for the *ingénue* herself. The latter's day for setting the fashion is over and done with, and the tall and stately woman will no longer need to wear, and look ridiculous in, little nothingless frocks, nor she of *embonpoint* tendencies don loose fitting creations, thereby accentuating her unfortunate defect of figure and line. Those happily possessed of lovely forms will have this invaluable asset displayed, a departure that opens up untold possibilities to the woman plain of face but divine of figure. In a word, Fashion is out for individualism, the long and perforce rest engendered by the War having served to sharpen wits and generally clear the atmosphere.

A GINGHAM FROCK
In small green and white check, trimmed collar, with cuff bands of white linen
Sketched by "Beta"

Incongruities

EVERYTHING will be subordinated to this end; cut, style, trimmings, high and low necks, long and short sleeves, the length of skirts and coats, the fashion and poise of headgear, the dressing of the coiffure and the character of footgear. Has there ever been seen anything more unpleasing than stout, middle-aged ankles strapped like a small child's? Or a very young girl arrayed like her mother in a flowing cloak and floating veil? And these are but to quote two of the innumerable incongruities that are rampant at the moment.

Capes

AT the same time, apropos of capes, I am persuaded these have still a long run before them. The latest idea in their connection is to line them with the material of the gown. Thus, if the latter is of serge, the cloak will be soft satin lined with serge; or a woollen cloak, on the other hand, will be lined with silk or satin to accord with the dress. Cloaks finely pleated and mounted on to a deep round yoke are becoming, and may either be full length or terminate half way, or even cease at the hips.

For the Seaside

A CHIC seaside model comprises a *plissé* skirt of marine serge worn with a long waist bodice of white silk jersey embroidered all over in blue, and completed by a short *plissé* cloak, lined blue and white patterned silk. For using up short lengths of material the cloak is invaluable. A piece that suffices to fashion a small circular can be cked out of a width of satin, brocade, or velvet, that is just stitched on at one edge and then folded back to half its width. Many are the models made of a perfectly straight breadth of

(*Continued on page 400*)

Ciro Pearls

This Reproduction can only convey the slightest impression of the exceptional beauty of Ciro Pearls

One glance at an original will convince the lady of discrimination & taste of the impossibility of detecting Ciro's from orientals

Call at our showroom & make a personal inspection, or let us send you a necklet or any other jewel on approbation

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

Upon receipt of £1.1.0 we will send you on approbation a Necklet, sixteen inches long (Gold Clasp 2s. 6d. extra), or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Jewel with Ciro Pearls. Put them beside any real pearls, or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

Our interesting booklet, No. 7 will give you details of our productions.

Ciro Pearls Ltd (Dept No 7)
39, Old Bond St, W. (Piccadilly End).
Our salon is on the first floor over Lloyd's Bank

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

material just gathered at the back of the neck, and with slits at the sides for the arms to be passed through. With silk and satin, which are of considerably narrower width than woollens, the requisite length is effectively augmented by deep *bouillonée*, a gathered, hood-like collar emphasising this trimming.

A New Idea in Carpets

SINCE, together with everything pertaining to furnishing, carpets have more than doubled in price of late years, it is good to hear of a fresh venture recently put upon the market under the name of "Crex." Offered both in the form of carpets and rugs, the "Crex" productions run through a wide range of sizes and beautiful and harmonious colourings, while the prices are very considerably below those of other really good carpets. That the majority of the leading furnishing houses and stores have taken up "Crex" carpets, speaks volumes as to their character and value.

Easy Manicure Without Cutting

Most of our readers have undoubtedly taken advantage of the "Cutex" proprietors' remarkable offer to send a small manicure set on receipt of a coupon cut from our advertisement columns together with a postal order for one shilling. This small outfit contains other preparations to help increase the beauty of the nails. "Cutex Cake Polish," "Nail White," and "Polishing Paste" together with

"CUTEX"

A useful article of which a full description will be found on this page

Nail Files, and an interesting booklet on the "Care of the Nails." All these preparations, also the "Cutex Cold Cream" realise the height of excellence and can be obtained from any Chemist for a very small outlay. Prices this month have been very considerably reduced. If you have not obtained one of the Midget Sets, I should advise you to write without delay, enclosing Postal Order for 1s. to Messrs. Henry C. Quelch and Company (Dept. B), 4–5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

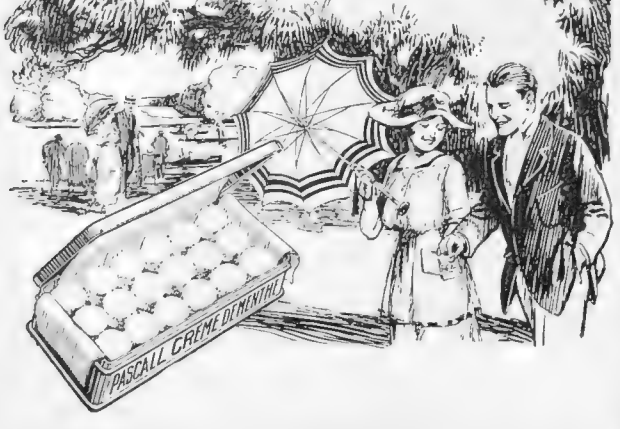
"Super-Shoes"

A neat and splendidly printed little brochure has just reached me from Messrs. W. Abbott and Sons, Ltd., of 121, High Holborn, W.C. 1, the "Phit-eesi" boot and shoe manufacturers. It illustrates the whole range of their stock of "Super Footwear," and is specially compiled for the use of customers who live at a distance from town, and are, therefore, unable to pay a personal visit to one of the many "Phit-eesi" establishments in London. Messrs. Abbott will be pleased to send single shoes on approbation.

"Harro-Sul-Wa"

I am asked to draw the attention of readers of this journal to the unique series of necessities for "My Ladies' Toilet," made by Harro-Sul-Wa, Ltd., of 30, Parliament Street, Harrogate. The beneficial effect of this water (Harrogate sulphur water) upon the skin is well known, and all the products of this firm, such as the "Sul-Peat" creams and soaps and "Sul-Peat" essence for the bath, are made from the finest products plus Harrogate water.

Pascall
CRÊME DE MENTHE
(NON-ALCOHOLIC)
A man's sweet—as well as a woman's. It is the delicate flavour—the real Crême de Menthe flavour—that so appeals. Try a tin of this different and delightful sweet. Take a tin with you on outdoor excursions—keep a tin handy at home. Always acceptable.
1/6 & 2/10 tins. Of Confectioners everywhere.
JAMES PASCALL, LTD., LONDON, S.E.
Also try Pascall "Versailles" Chocolates.



Keep your hair healthy
free from Dandruff, Scurf, and kindred troubles by using Rexall '93' Hair Tonic.
It is antiseptic and germicidal, and promotes the health growth of the hair.

Rexall
TRADE-MARK
'93'
HAIR TONIC
Sold on the Rexall guarantee of Satisfaction or money returned. Obtainable only from the Rexall Chemist in *your* district.
TWO SIZES.
2/6 AND 4/6
If you do not know the address of your nearest Rexall Chemist we will gladly send his name on request.
United Drug Co. Liverpool.

By Appointment

TAILORED SHIRTS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

Exclusive designs made in best quality striped silks. Specially suitable for country and seaside wear.

Tailored Shirt in good quality striped silk material with artistic colours on cream grounds.

Special Price

30/-

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

SMART ZENANA WRAPPER

We have now in stock a wonderful assortment of smart wrappers, all of which are made in our own workrooms from high-grade fashionable materials. The illustration is a typical example.

PRACTICAL WRAPPER (as sketch), in good quality Zenana with dainty collar and cuffs composed of rich quality ivory georgette and linen lace, lined throughout with Japanese silk. In pink, sky, mauve and maize.

PRICE

12½ Gns.

FURS AT SUMMER PRICES

Until the end of September all Furs will be marked at Special Summer Prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand now. The new Winter models are now in stock and can be copied.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London.W.

From Morn to Night

You may keep your hair tidy if you use Scientific Hair Pins. They are so curved as to fit the head. They slip in easily, yet cannot fall out.

Are raised at the ends so as to prevent the scalp being scratched or hurt. They are invisible.

Sold Everywhere in Black and Bronze.

SCIENTIFIC HAIR PINS

MADE BY KIRBY, BEARD & COMPANY, LTD., LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM. Established 1743.

CHIFFON VELVET TEA FROCKS

There is every reason to believe that Chiffon Velvet will be very scarce during the coming Winter, so much so that manufacturers are now rationing supplies to their customers. We were fortunately able to buy a large stock of this fashionable fabric last Spring at prices much below present-day values. This advantage we propose to give to our customers and we have now in stock a large number of most attractive Chiffon Velvet Teafrocks, all of which are moderately priced.

"PORTIA"

TEAFROCK in soft chiffon velveteen, to slip over head without any fastening, caught at waist with self sash, neck trimmed with real fur. In a large quantity of colours and black.

SPECIAL PRICE

7½ Gns.

IN CHIFFON VELVET

10½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

The Famous BARKER KIT BAG

AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER

HAND SEWN

A Splendid MAN'S BAG with a wonderful holding capacity, and finished in every detail in a first-class style. Made of the finest natural hide, buff colour (no injurious dyes or chemicals used in dressing). High-grade frame, covered hide and lined with stout brown Holland, two large pockets on one side. Fitted with brass clips and lock, and provided with 2 drop handles. Protected with 4 solid leather Corners, length 18 ins. height, open, 13 ins., width, 9½ ins., Actual value 5 gns.

79/6

Also in 20 ins., 84/-. Actual Value 5½ Gns.

JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY LTD. KENSINGTON, W.8

The 'SUPER' Footwear AT ABBOTTS, 54 Regent St. W.1

WHITE SPATS
Also Fawn and Grey, Tailor made. Set perfectly over either Boot or Shoe.

AN EXAMPLE No 72. AT **66/-**

Patent Oxford, Perfectly plain, no punching, quiet and refined.

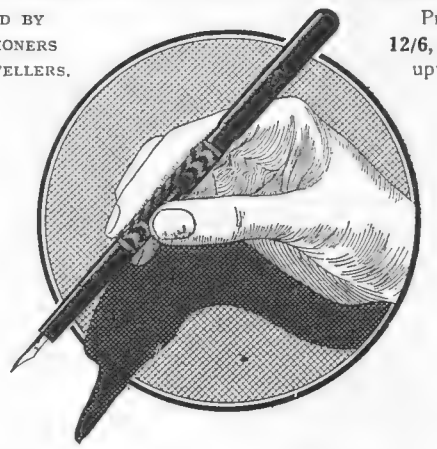
Single shoe sent on approbation if desired.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

W. ABBOTT & SONS, LTD.,
54, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

SOLD BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS.

Prices: 12/6, 15/-, 20/- upwards.



More letters in less time—that is what a "Swan" Fountpen means. The "Swan" Gold Nib never varies in touch, always writes easily, is clean to carry and simple to use.

"SWAN" PENS

Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd.
Swan House, 133-135, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

PEARLS OF EGYPT

THE WORLD'S finest tobaccos — carefully selected by experts—are employed in the manufacture of these cigarettes. "PEARLS of EGYPT" therefore appeal particularly to the connoisseur.

Obtainable at Stores, high-class Tobacconists, etc., or to your order.

Benger's Food does three things for the dyspeptic

—it gives complete nourishment;
—it allays the craving of the stomach;
—it helps to win back natural digestion.

BENGER'S FOOD

is so highly nutritious that athletes use it in training, so delicious that invalids and aged persons enjoy it, year in and year out.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices 1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and 9/-

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works MANCHESTER.

THE BURBERRY

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free

ALMOST any weather-resisting coat is good enough for Town, when a taxi is within hail or a tube near at hand, but in the Country, when the rain is doing its best to drench you to the skin and the wind is making itself uncomfortably evident—in an open car a dozen miles from anywhere—on the moors when the birds choose to meet death from any gun but yours—at the ninth hole with the club-house in the dim distance—at the riverside, just as the fish are beginning to rise—on these occasions you must have a coat you can RELY upon—in a word

THE BURBERRY

The Safeguard of Proved Efficiency

Made in materials woven and proofed by special processes, THE BURBERRY excludes all forms of wet without the aid of rubber. It is airylight, self-ventilating and cool on close days, yet owing to the density of the cloths, hygienically warming when the temperature is low or wind keen.

Sport or General Kit in 2 to 4 Days or Ready-for-Wear

Every Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberrys"

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents

Burberrys Ltd.

DAINTY LINGERIE SET

The new Lingerie models are particularly dainty and becoming. The illustration is a typical example.

LINGERIE SET (as sketch), in good quality linen, trimmed with Irish crochet lace, and finished with tucks in front and on shoulder, with slottings at waist of wide satin ribbon.

Nightdress	98/6
Chemise	63/6
Knickers	63/6
Boudoir Cap to match	18/9

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London, W

NEW AND INEXPENSIVE

BLOUSES

FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.

Designed and made in our own Workrooms, and although so moderately priced they follow the latest trend of fashion, and the materials used are invariably of our own well-known high standard of excellence.

NEW AUTUMN BLOUSE (as sketch), made in heavy quality crepe-de-chine, entirely hand-made, the long roll collar crosses slightly in front, sleeves and shoulders are put in with hand veining. In ivory, pink, champagne, mauve, black and navy.

PRICE **49/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

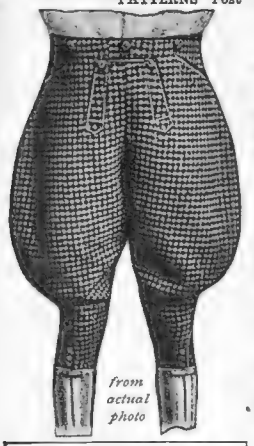
LONDON W1

Estd. 30 Years. Highest Awards, 12 Gold Medals.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Recognised HOUSE for
EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS, PERFECT FIT, DISTINCTIVE STYLES, UNEQUALLED VALUE.

SUITS & OVERCOATS
(in great variety) from £8 8 0
PATTERNS Post Free.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Originator and Only Maker of 'Hallzone' Ideal Gold Medal

42/- RIDING BREECHES

Best Value, Fit & Style obtainable.

Split Fall or Fly Front Lace or Button Knees.

UNSOLICITED APPRECIATION
"Thanks for Breeches. They fit splendidly, & are most comfortable to ride in, being so cleanly cut at the knee. R.P.P."
(*Made from customers own measures.*)

LEGGINGS
All leathers and styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED from simple self-measurement form.

LADIES' SALON at 207, Oxford St., W.1.

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave record measures or order. Fit same day.

207, OXFORD STREET, W.1.
149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

Ladies—

do you wish to meet admiring glances wherever you go? Then never go out without first applying to your delicate face a little of the youth-preserving Reine des Crèmes from Paris, invisible after application and delightfully perfumed.

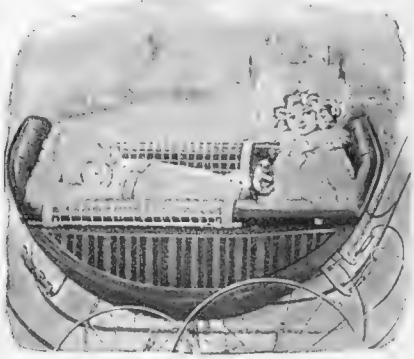
At Hairdressers and Chemists, jars **2/3** and **3/6**, tubes **1/9** and **3/-**, or from **CALMON & NEATE** (Dept. M), 8 GERRARD ST., LONDON, W.1, 3d. extra.
Sole Agents for Mfr. Lesquendieu, Paris.

LA REINE DES CRÈMES

THE SAFETY
'PRAM' CRADLE
Registered design No. 484805.

WITH BRASS FITTINGS

Which can be fixed to any perambulator in the space of a few minutes, and can be used with or without hood. Cool in Summer. Cosy and Warm in Winter.



In Navy Blue, Green or Cream Netting with **Brass Fittings.**

9/6 EACH

This simple and ingenious contrivance enables two children to rest at ease in a perambulator. The elder child can either **sit** or **lie** upon the cushions, whilst the infant—securely fastened—lies asleep in the cradle.
By this arrangement there is no discomfort, for the movement of one child does not disturb the other.

Can be obtained from

E. & R. GARROULD,
150 to 162 Edgware Rd., London, W.2

Phone—Padd. 6297. *'Grams*—Garrould, London
Or from the principal London Stores.

KODAKS HALF Price

Do you want a Kodak? We can supply all Models second-hand at about half the present prices List free. Kodaks purchased for cash. Best prices.

SANDS HUNTER'S
37 Bedford St., Strand.

Real **HARRIS, LEWIS, and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS**
Direct from the Makers.
Lightweights for Ladies and Medium for Gents.
Patterns and Prices on application.
S. A. NEWALL & SONS (*Dpt. B*) Stornoway
State shade desired and whether for Gent's or Ladies' Wear. Scotland.

PAPER POCKET HANDKFS.

prevent infection. Order **"TOINOCO SILKY FIBRE."** Beautifully soft and absorbent. The first Paper Handkerchief ever introduced, still the most satisfactory. In sealed cartons **50 for 2s.** Papier Crepon **50 for 1s. 9d.** At Chemists and Stores.

DON'T LOOK OLD!
But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with
LOCKYER'S SULPHUR
HAIR RESTORER
Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days thus securing a preserved appearance has enabled thousands to retain their position.
2/- everywhere or post free from J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd., 34, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD**

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

FILTER

POULTON & NOEL'S

FOR BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON & SUPPER
Everything for a tasty meal.
Of Grocers and Stores everywhere.

Potted Meats

"BLANCO"
(Regd Trade Mark)
"Keeps White Shoes White"

READ
The
"Daily Graphic"
Price 1d.

Pearlone

THE PERFECT DENTAL CREAM.

The Dainty White Toothpaste in Collapsible Tubes with flat ribbon opening, **1/3** per tube, from all Chemists and toilet specialists. Manufactured by

Jewsbury & Brown, Manchester.

Soft Delicate and Soothing as the Melodious Spinet of Old

Spinet
Smoking Mixture

A Perfect Blend of Choice Tobaccos
2oz FOILED PACKETS 2/2
Also in 1oz & 4oz. Pkts

The SUPER CIGARETTE
Spinet Cork Tipped Virginia **20** for **1/6**

R & J HILL LTD LONDON

LIGHT or DARK TAN

"Kiwi"
NEE WEE
The Quality Boot Polish

will make your Travelling Bags LIKE NEW

Just a smear and a little rub!

"Kiwi" Tan Stain Polish gives any shade of Brown desired.

Of all Dealers **9d.** *per large tin.*

"Kiwi" Black Boot Polish **7d.** per large tin.

The KIWI Polish Co. Pty., Ltd. *Incorporated in Australia.* Church End, Finchley, London, N.3.

From the Largest Factory in the World making high-class footwear, come Ladies' Pumps and Walking Shoes in fascinating variety. Made in chestnut brown, white kid and patent, they satisfy all tastes on all occasions, and uphold the Walk-over tradition for elegance and ease.

LADIES' PUMPS AND WALKING SHOES. Neat and Smart, giving light and springy step — hand turned.

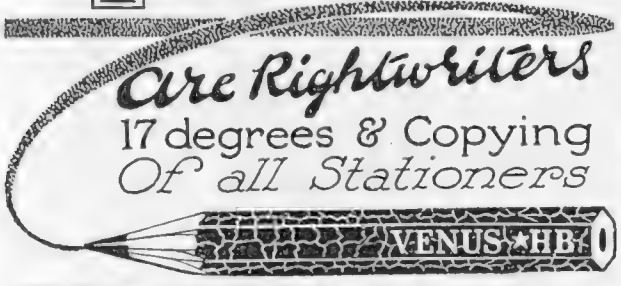
Walk-Over
BOOTS & SHOES

WALK-OVER SHOE CO.
(George E. Keith, British Stores Ltd.),
Head Office:—372, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Branches:—London, 227, Oxford Street, W.1. — 139-140, Cheapside, E.C. 2. — 80, Strand, W.C. 2. — 30, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4. — 15, Brompton Road, S.W. 1. — 135, Regent Street, W. 1.
Manchester—Liverpool—Leeds—Birmingham (2 shops)—Newcastle-on-Tyne—Glasgow—Edinburgh—Belfast—Cambridge—Brighton—Cardiff—Paris (2 shops)—Lyons—The Hague—Brussels.

VENUS PENCILS

are Right writers
17 degrees & Copying
Of all Stationers



MARCEL'S PERMANENT CURL or WAVE
SURPASSES ALL AND MAKES
CONTENTED HEARTS.

YOUR HAIR should have the advantages of naturally curly or wavy hair by MARCEL'S PATENT PROCESS, which improves texture of all straight, thin, or greasy hair—once wavy it will defy rain, shampoo, or Turkish bath—in fact it will be just like natural waves or curls.

Straight Hair is a Nuisance.
Marcel's Method is the Finest Tonic.

Marcel's **London:** 353, Oxford Street.
Liverpool: 84, Bold Street.
Brighton: 78 & 42, Kings Road, and 52, Norfolk Square.

COUPON
The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT LTD.
353, Oxford Street London, W.
SIR,—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 3d. stamp.
Name .....
Address .....
Bystander, August 11, 1920.

Marcel's Perm Tonic is as dew to the flowers.
3.6 and 5/6 4d. post free.

Marcel's Special-Shampoo or Pine-Tonic Shampoo wash beauty into all hair.
6d. each, 5.6 per doz.

Look for this trade-mark on the yellow box.

HOLEPROOF SILK STOCKINGS

Of choicest Japanese Silk, beautifully soft in texture, TRITEX-HOLEPROOF are made in half sizes, specially small at ankle, long in the foot and high in the leg.

They are sold at all the best shops, price 14/6 per pair, and will outwear two pairs of any other make.

For nearest Agent write:
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, ENG.
'Phone: 3675 Museum. 47 & 48, BERNERS STREET, W.1. (Factories: Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.) Telegrams: "Holproof, Ox London."

THE MENU

TWO SPECIAL DINNERS

I.

HORS D'ŒUVRES (SMOKED SALMON À LA CARDINAL)
CLEAR SOUP
FILLETS OF TROUT
ROAST DUCKS AND PEAS
LEMON SNOW MOULD
CHEESE FRITTERS
COFFEE—LIQUEURS

II.

ICED MELON
CREAM OF VERMICELLI SOUP
EELS À LA POULETTE
ROAST LOIN OF LAMB
TOMATOES—FRENCH BEANS
ICED VENICE MOULD
CHEESE TARTLETS
COFFEE—LIQUEURS

Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal

Cut some smoked salmon in wafer-like pieces and lay them on slices of tomatoes over slices of cucumber, garnish with strips of hard-boiled white of egg and chopped capers.

Fillets of Trout

Have a good-sized trout filleted and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs and lemon juice, serve it with mousseline sauce, and garnish with olives. Mousseline sauce is really a mayonnaise sauce, with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

Lemon Snow Mould

Take ½ lb. of castor or granulated sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve ½ oz. of Nelson's gelatine in half a pint of cold water gently by the fire, not allowing it to boil, and stirring it occasionally, put all into a large basin, and whisk thoroughly, it will then turn out like a thick white cream. Pour into a mould and let it set. It is better made the day before it is wanted.

Eels à la Poulette

Have the eels cleaned and skinned, let them boil with salt, pepper and vinegar. Then cut them into three inch pieces. Heat two tablespoonfuls of margarine or butter, add a small finely chopped onion, stir in one tablespoonful of flour until brown, then add one cup of water, salt, pepper, one bay-leaf, some parsley and thyme. Let the sauce boil well, then add the eels and one glass of wine. Boil ten minutes longer, thicken the sauce with the yolks of two eggs well beaten and seasoned with lemon-juice. Dish up and serve.

Iced Venice Mould

Make about three quarters of a pint of custard, at the bottom of a mould put a little jam and a few sweetmeats, such as preserved cherries and little strips of angelica, on these pour a little of the custard, then add some sponge cakes which have been soaked in a little wine, a little more jam, and fill up the mould with custard. Set in a cool place in the larder and turn out next day. One of Chivers' jelly tablets can be used instead of custard if preferred.

EMILIA.

When on Your Holidays

your face and skin are entirely at the mercy of the scorching sun and winds, most of the time being spent in the open air. You must, therefore, prepare your face and hands before starting out.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola
(with Glycerine)

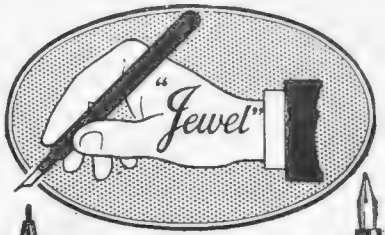
is an absolutely pure Toilet Cream, greaseless, delightfully fragrant and refreshing to use, and a little applied to the face and hands will prevent or remove all traces of Sunburn, Irritation, Redness, etc.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/6 and 2/6,
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, SPA, ENG.

HYBRID VIRGINIA
CIGARETTES.
Manufactured from special growth Virginian Seed, grown in the Orient.
DE SEFI, LIMITED,
Show Rooms:
18, PICCADILLY ARCADE, W.1.
Factory:
3 & 5, DEVONSHIRE ST., E.C.2.

HEDGES & BUTLER'S
Clarets Ports Champagnes
Burgundies Sherries Madeiras
Chablis Sauternes Marsalas
Brandies and Liqueurs.
New Wine Lists on Application.
LONDON: 153, REGENT STREET, W.1

TOURS OF THE BATTLE-FIELDS BY CAR
EX-OFFICER GUIDES. BRITISH CHAUFFEURS. CARS MEET BOAT. ACCOMMODATION ARRANGED. HIGH-CLASS PRIVATE CARS. EVERY COMFORT. GENERAL TOURS ANY DISTANCE.
Messrs. GRIFFITH & GREGSON,
17, Rue Duthoit, Amiens. Tel. 141.



"JEWEL"
No. 34 **10/6** SAFETY Self-Filling PEN.
The most simple and easy to fill.
Fitted with 14-ct. Gold Nib.

'RECORDER'
The Very Best STYLO.
Fitted with Gold and Palladium point and Gold Spring needle. **10/6**
Can be carried in any position.

To be had of stationers or Sole Makers:
JEWEL PEN Co. Ltd. (Dept. 17)
76, Newgate St., London, E.C.1

Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON
(late of Harrow) has the largest and best selection of
AIREDALES
COMPANIONS, HOUSE PROTECTION, etc.
from 10 Gns. PUPS 7 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
30 minutes from City, G.E.R.
Tel: 52 Broxbourne.

Cameras!
and photographic supplies
NEW and SECOND-HAND
ALL THE BEST MAKES
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THREE NUNS TOBACCO

There is an important advantage in the special cut of Three Nuns Tobacco ; the mixture is perfectly proportioned in every pipeful. Thus you enjoy the rich, fine flavour to the utmost.

KING'S HEAD
—a stronger blend.

Both are sold everywhere at 1/1 per oz.
Tins : 2oz. 2/2—4oz. 4/4

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium,	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made,	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow. 676

TWENTY or more deliciously refreshing drinks can be made from one bottle of

IDRIS

LEMON SQUASH
"The World's Refresher," or
LIME JUICE CORDIAL
"Rich, Ripe, Refreshing."

Dilute with plain or aerated water to taste.
MADE IN A MOMENT.
NO SWEETENING NECESSARY.
Price **2/6** per bottle.

Order LEMON SQUASH or LIME JUICE CORDIAL, Dry Ginger Ale, Sparkling Phosphade, Lemonade or other Aerated Waters from your Grocer, Chemist, or Wine Merchant, but be sure to insist on **IDRIS**.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

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Scorching days, crowded dusty streets, impure air. The dust irritates to soreness the delicate lining of the mouth and throat rendering the system susceptible to infection by the disease bacilli we inevitably breathe in. Evans' Pastilles soothe and prevent the irritation and fortify against all infection by way of the mouth and throat.

EVANS' *Pastilles*

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.
See the "Raised Bar" on each Pastille, exclusive to Evans'
1/3 per tin from Chemists or post free from the makers, EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool, and 60, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1. S. 3 ⓟ

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YOU CAN HIRE EVERYTHING THAT COULD POSSIBLY BE NEEDED

FOR either indoor or outdoors—at a most reasonable cost. Garden Tents, Stalls prettily decorated with Art Muslins and Indian Draperies, Refreshment Tents and Concert Tents. Chairs, Tables, Platforms, Illumination Lights, Japanese Lanterns. Electric Light effects if current is available.

For **all** your requirements, you can do no better than to get into touch with

SIMMONDS BROS LTD
"LEND ON HIRE EVERYTHING"
6 NEWTON ST. HOLBORN W.C.

MELTIS CHOCOLATE

Sold Everywhere by Grocers & Confectioners.
Made by PEEK FREAN

So delicious that you cannot resist another piece. MELTIS never outstays its welcome.

"It melts in the mouth."

Montserrat to England

From Montserrat to England comes the best of all refreshing and healthful drinks.

Non-intoxicating — certainly—yet still the very best of cooling, refreshing beverages for the Summer.

The juice of the lime has a delightful freshness which never palls. It is presented in its purest form in "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice and Lime Juice Cordial, which are made from the juice of cultivated limes (vastly superior to the juice of wild limes, from which much lime juice is made). The juice is imported from the island of Montserrat direct to Liverpool, where the bottling factories are situated.

"Montserrat" Lime Juice Cordial is sweetened, but you can also obtain the "Montserrat" Pure Lime Fruit Juice in its original form. "Montserrat" is now served in all the leading naval, military, and private clubs, and can also be obtained from the leading hotels, grocers and chemists everywhere, and from Harrods, Civil Service Supply Assn., John Barker's and Selfridge's Stores.

"MONTSERRAT" LIME JUICE CORDIAL & PURE LIME-FRUIT JUICE

Sole Consignees: Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., 56 Hanover St., Liverpool; and 60 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

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H.M.S. "HOOD"

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The "GREYS"

SILK CUT VIRGINIA

20 for 1/5 50 for 3/6 100 for 7/-

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